

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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REV. DANIEL WEBB.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

"Behold a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the staff of religion,
His heart is flesh, quick to feel; . . .
Lofty aspirations, deep affections, holy hopes, are his delight."
TUPPER.

"Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silken locks;
He wears the marks of many years well spent
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience."
ROWE.

FOR some months past the pages of the Ladies' Repository have been graced with well-written biographical and characteristic sketches of leading personages in our own religious denomination. Members of our Episcopal bench have sat for their portraits. Giants in our ministry have been displayed in this literary picture gallery. Laymen of intellectual ability, of capacious purses, of large hearts, and of liberal hands have been shown forth in this grand constellation. And though last, not least, "elect ladies" are found grouped in this interesting collection of choice spirits.

The subject of the present sketch, though he has enjoyed personal acquaintance and intercourse with a greater number of Methodist bishops than, perhaps, any man now living, yet never aspired to a seat on the ecclesiastical bench. Literary honors were never found appended to the name of Daniel Webb, though—by the way—we hesitate not to aver that such honors would have been worthily bestowed. But in the absence of official position and dignity, and of high-sounding degrees, we may claim for our subject an honor which can not be put forth in behalf of any man now living on the face of the whole earth. Rev. Daniel Webb wears the signal, the grand, the glorious distinction of being the *oldest effective Methodist minister in the*

world! What are literary trappings compared with the immortal laurel that wreathes the brow of this veteran minister of our Lord Jesus?

It might be gratifying to the readers of the Repository to gaze upon a miniature profile—portrait large as life we have not space for—of the *personnel* of this war-worn chieftain. In the meridian of life, ere the pressure of years had somewhat bent his manly form, Mr. Webb could have been but little, if any thing, short of six feet in height, and if we except a slight inclination of the head to one side, the form was of such erectness as would have borne favorable comparison with that of the handsomest member of the body-guard of some great European potentate. He was never a corpulent man, but has always carried a comfortable medium between excessive redundancy of flesh and pitiable leanness. The countenance is of a mild, benevolent aspect, the reflective mirror of one of the most kindly hearts ever implanted in a human body, and sanctified by divine grace. The features, with the exception of a slight drawing on one side of the mouth, are of a regular and rather Romanish cast. This defect about the lips is hardly seen except in speaking, when it is the cause of a slight cutting of the words. The countenance is one of more than common intelligence, the brow being of good height and of proportionate breadth. Silken, silvery locks, white as the snow, cover near the whole head, even at his present advanced age. The attire is strictly clerical, and always scrupulously neat. The general appearance is both patriarchal and ministerial to such a degree as can not fail to inspire respect and reverence in the breast of every beholder.

Persons unacquainted with Daniel Webb have thought him cold and unsociable. It would hardly be possible to get farther astray from a correct estimate of any one trait in this good man's character than to entertain such opinion.

The mistake arises from two causes. Mr. Webb is afflicted with defectiveness of sight and of hearing. In consequence of the first-named cause, even familiar friends are met in the street, but not being recognized their customary salutations are not reciprocated. By reason of the latter cause he often takes no part in the conversation which is going on in the social circle which surrounds him. But call upon the old man in the peaceful retreat of his own home; draw up your chair close to his side and address him in such tone of voice as can be distinctly heard, and you will have no occasion to complain of taciturnity. He will not monopolize the whole time; you will be afforded ample opportunity for all you wish to say; but you may rest assured of receiving a full equivalent for all you give or offer. In all our rambles—and we have rambled much—we have never met with a more agreeable companion for a long winter evening than father Webb. It was during the January of 1856—while traveling as Tract Agent for the Providence conference—we spent several days in his society, he being stationed at that time in Falmouth, Massachusetts. During the day he assisted us, and that too very successfully, in scattering Methodist literature among the people of his pastoral charge. But when the evening had spread its curtain o'er our earth, we gathered round the warm hearth, and were favored with some of the most delightful hours we have ever known while listening to the thrilling recitals of pioneer itinerating through trackless forests and swollen streams, amid summer heats and winter frosts, during those days of yore that "tried men's souls." Perils by sea and perils by land; perils among his own countrymen and perils among false brethren were recounted with all the zest of a recently-returned voyager. This veteran in Immanuel's forces most vigorously and enthusiastically fought his battles over again.

During one of those evenings, rising from his chair, he requested us to excuse him for a moment. It was not long before he returned, bearing in his hands two heavy leathern bags, fastened to each other by straps of a few inches in length. These, we were informed, were the old "saddle-bags." To us they were a real curiosity, for often as we had read and heard of the itinerant saddle-bags, we had never before seen a pair. These relics of a past and eventful age were environed with anecdotes of labors and successes—of perils and deliverances such as but few men have ever been called to encounter. Antique and curious documents were fished up from their capacious depths—about which more in the sequel. Our visit to Falmouth will not soon be forgotten.

The subject of this sketch was born in Canterbury, Windham county, Connecticut, April 13, 1778, and, consequently, during this year, 1860, completes the eighty-second year of his age. The Methodist itinerants commenced their volunteer and unrequited labors in Canterbury as early as 1793 or 1794. Among the early fruit of their toils was the father of Daniel Webb, who, from the time of his conversion to the day of his death, lived a very godly life. Rev. James Coleman, of precious memory, was his spiritual father. The instrument employed by the divine Spirit for Daniel's awakening was a devoted and faithful young woman. We give the account in Mr. Webb's own language:

"A young woman, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, came to my father's house to work as a tailoress. She was faithful to the Lord—religion was the theme of her conversation. Having an opportunity one day she said to me, 'My young friend, what do you think of religion?' I replied, 'I think it is a good and necessary thing for all persons before they die.' 'Then,' said she, 'what objection have you to seeking it now?' Said I, 'If I could have all my companions with me I should be willing to seek it now.' She then said, 'My dear friend, do not wait for your companions; you may perhaps be in your grave before they will turn unto the Lord.' These words were as a nail in a sure place. They arrested my attention. They took hold of my heart. I began to pray, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' I saw it would be just in God to cut me off and send my soul to hell. I was led to cry the more for mercy, and in about four weeks from the time of her faithfulness to me, in a little prayer meeting the Lord spoke peace to my soul, and the next day in a wood he gave me a sealing evidence of my acceptance with him and I went on my way rejoicing—

'Telling to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I had found,'

and inviting them to come and taste and see the goodness of the Lord. This was in the year 1797, and in the month of August."

What an inducement is here presented for even the humblest of the friends of Jesus to own their Lord on all occasions, and to put forth unceasing efforts to bring others to his loving embrace! It were a great thing if the soul whom we were the means of saving were, like the penitent thief, removed on the day of his conversion to heaven. But it may be otherwise. We may not only convert a soul; we may call into existence a power which will be felt far and wide, and whose beneficial influence will be lasting as eternity. Who

was it that Andrew led to Jesus? His own brother; but that brother was Simon Peter, than whom our Lord had never a more zealous and devoted follower, having conferred upon him the honor of opening the gate of the kingdom of heaven to the Gentile world; whose writings remain to this day a part of that precious word by which we are instructed in the knowledge of salvation; and who, at last, if ecclesiastical history be true, laid down his life in his Master's cause. A Christian woman, on her way to the tabernacle, accosted John Williams, asking him to go with her. She very likely thought she might be the means of saving his soul; but she could have no idea that she was bringing to Jesus one who should at once be the apostle of civilization and mercy to the savage islanders of the Pacific, and whose name should be identified with some of the most distinguished triumphs which the Gospel has achieved in these modern times. A poor sewing-girl inquired of a young man, "What do you think of religion?" That inquiry led him to the Savior, and now for more than sixty years he has been preaching that Savior to others, scores of whom have been turned to righteousness; and, if they are to be stars in his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord, how radiant will be the crown of that faithful young Christian who said to Daniel Webb, "Behold the way to God!"

Soon after his conversion the impression was strong, irresistible, upon the mind of this young disciple that the great Head of the Church demanded more at his hands than the labors of a private Christian. Hence in about six months after he had first experienced the renewing grace of God we find him accompanying Rev. John Nichols in his rounds of the New London circuit. For a short time the practice was for the lad to exhort after the sermon from the "preacher in charge." But soon we find him making a more formal effort at preaching, opening his apostolic commission in a private residence in the town of Hebron, Connecticut, from these words, "Worship God." The following, which we quote from the original document now lying before us—a real curiosity in its way—invests the youthful local preacher with ecclesiastical authority to discharge the function of a local preacher:

"The bearer, Daniel Webb, hath applied to us for liberty to preach as a local preacher in our circuit, and after due inquiry concerning his gifts, grace, and usefulness, we judge he is a proper person to be licensed for this purpose, and we accordingly authorize him to preach. Given at a quarterly meeting held at Norwich Town, on the 16th of June, 1798.

"SYLVESTER HUTCHINSON, Elder.

"*New London Circuit, Methodist Episcopal Church.*"

This relation to the Church was, however, of but brief duration. In those days, the "harvest being great and the laborers few," official promotion in the Church was rapid. Hence in the month of September, 1798—not yet having been a Christian quite one year—he was admitted on trial in the New York conference, which met this year in Granville, Massachusetts. On the closing of the session he found himself colaborer with Rev. Ezekiel Canfield, on the Granville circuit, a nice little field, *not much more than two hundred miles in circumference!*

There are now lying upon our desk two veritable relics, which, did Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Baltimore, but see them, he might covet as valuable curiosities to be placed within the archives of the "Methodist Historical Society." The first of "these presents" informs us that "Daniel Webb has this day been set apart as a deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church." By the second we learn that he has been raised to the highest ministerial order recognized in the New Testament. We quote the closing paragraph of each.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 20th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred. Done at a conference held in Lynn. RICHARD WHATCOAT."

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and two. Monmouth, district of Maine.

"FRANCIS ASBURY."

What a cluster of historic circumstances are set forth in these two ancient documents! The first ordination is performed in Lynn, a place where Jesse Lee always met with a cordial reception—the cradle of New England Methodism, a place in which the true missionary fire has ever burned with an intense, pure, and steady flame, and a place from whence have gone forth a greater number of men into our ministerial rank than from any other town in New England. The second ordination was performed on the grand anniversary-day of our great nation. On this renowned day a youthful ambassador of the Gospel of the Son of God feels upon his head the gentle pressure of the truly-apostolic hands of the *first bishop of the Church of Christ in these United States*. And that young man is destined to wear the immortal honor of being *the oldest effective Methodist minister in the world!*

In an early part of his ministerial career Mr. Webb took respectable rank among his clerical brethren, and he maintained the position to which his talents, education, diligence, and usefulness had raised him, till unfitted for the full discharge of the duties of the larger fields of labor by the growing infirmities of years. When the New

England conference was organized he became a member of that body, and when, in 1841, the Providence conference was formed his name was found enrolled among those of the brethren composing that organization.

The following are among the several important fields of labor assigned the subject of this sketch: Lynn, Boston, Newport, Providence, Nantucket, Fall River, New Bedford, and New London. To several of these influential posts he was reappointed after an absence of a few years. In all these places, and wherever else he has labored, his name is as "ointment poured forth." Many of his colleagues were men of mark, giants in their day, who left the deep impress of their character wherever they lived—men whose names and deeds are among the grand historic facts of Methodism, treasured up to be transmitted to generations yet unborn. As among this list of Heaven's worthies may be mentioned Ezekiel Canfield, George Pickering, Martin Ruter, and Elijah Hedding. During the space of four years Mr. Webb discharged, with signal ability, the arduous duties of that difficult and undesirable post, the presiding eldership. At one time we find him, by appointment of his conference, publisher of that popular Methodist sheet, "Zion's Herald." On four different occasions he has been one of the small number of men selected to represent his conference in General conference. The last of those occasions was as late as 1852, when he had more than completed his seventy-fourth year, and had been in the ministry more than half a century. What a history is crowded within this period!

We have never known father Webb's seat to be vacant during the annual session of the Providence conference. However remote within our territory may be the seat of conference, the venerable and reverential form of the good old man is seen at an early hour pacing slowly along the aisle to his accustomed place in one of the front body pews. Here he sits, till the close of each session, an attentive and deeply-interested observer of all its proceedings. With his elbow resting on the top of the pew, and his hand thrown behind the right ear for the purpose of assisting that partially-obstructed organ, he tries to drink in every word that is uttered, and thus keep himself well informed on all the doings of that deliberative assemblage of grave divines. During those annual gatherings we are always treated with a good, clear, sound, and earnest sermon from the lips of this grand patriarch of our clerical brotherhood. And—as is fit and proper—his truly-apostolic hands are always laid upon the youthful heads of those who are ordained. May a long succession of young min-

isters continue to receive the "holy anointing" vouchsafed by *such* hands!

As a preacher Mr. Webb was never brilliant or startling. He never attempts the theatrical, nor, in the common acceptance of that term, could he ever be designated "the eloquent Apollos." But he has always ranked high in those more solid and valuable qualities of a preacher—soundness in the faith, perspicuous reasoning, convincing logic, and instructive discourse. His sermons have been alike useful to the saint and to the sinner. Under his ministrations the Christian has been built up in his most holy faith, comforted in trials, afflictions, and temptations, stimulated to renewed labors in the cause of Christ, and urged forth to higher attainments in the divine life. Many are the stout-hearted sinners that have been made to quail, to tremble, and to pray beneath the ponderous weight of the gigantic and well-directed blows of this master-workman. And countless are the multitudes who have been led by him to the Friend of the friendless—the Restorer of the ruined—the Savior of the lost. Father Webb might have been sitting for his portrait while the artist threw off the following admirable likeness:

"I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture! Is it like?"

Mr. Webb never aspired to claim rank with scholars. We can not speak with certainty on the question, but our persuasion is that he makes no pretensions to classical attainments. But as an English scholar he must have appeared to great advantage along side the masses of his early days. Nor would his attainments in English branches compare unfavorably with that obtained by the greatly-improved facilities of even our own day. These youthful attainments proved of signal service to him in more mature life. Like many other of our fathers in the ministry, Mr. Webb, in the meridian of his life and usefulness, was compelled to direct his attention to secular employments in order to meet the demands made upon him by a growing family. The conference of 1811 appointed him to Newport, and the following conference returned him to that charge. At the close of the second year he was made supernumerary. The following year he located, and this relation was continued for nine years. During this term of years he

conducted a very respectable private school in that city. Many of his pupils of those early days are now elderly men of respectability, wealth, and influence in various portions of New England. Some months ago a number of these boys had a regathering in the city of New Bedford, with their old master in their midst, when they conferred upon him substantial tokens of their fond and grateful remembrance of school-days. But in becoming pedagogue, in those days, the schoolmaster had not ceased to be the preacher, for during these nine successive years he supplied the Methodist pulpit in the "Island City." And as affording some evidence of the estimate put upon those overwork ministerial services by the people to whom he ministered, we may mention the fact that when, in 1823, Mr. Webb reëntered conference he was reappointed to Newport, where he remained two years. Thus he served the Methodist Episcopal Church in that city of summer gayety and fashion fourteen years in succession.

We will close this paper with a brief quotation from a letter received from father Webb a short time ago: "If I had not embraced religion it is probable I should have died long ago. And it is to the Methodists, under God, that I am indebted for religion. And shall I not love them? Yes, I do love them; I will love them. Their God shall be my God. With them I hope to live in time and in eternity. If it can consistently be so, I hope to be an 'efficient' Methodist minister while I live."

"FAITHFUL IN THAT WHICH IS LEAST."

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

EMMA BRAINARD was the daughter of a clergyman who died when she was but seven years old, leaving his widow in very humble circumstances. The kindness of the parish gave her a life-lease of the old parsonage, the question of building a new one nearer the church having been finally settled. This was regarded by both as a great blessing, for it secured to them a home endeared by a thousand pleasant memories, and saved the heavy burden of paying quarterly rent. The house was low and old-fashioned, but in the summer-time it was beautiful with climbing roses and sweet-scented honeysuckles, and the pretty flower-borders, from March till winter snow, were sparkling with the sweetest floral gems. A little flower-stand was placed beside the southern window, and when all was bleak without there was a ray of sunshine always gleaming from the little pot of monthly roses, and another of bright carnations, while a few geraniums in carefully-

patched bowls and tea-cups gave a grateful perfume to the room.

Little reader, if you are ever so poor, have a little pot of flowers to cultivate. Watch it, water it, tend it carefully, and it will repay you a thousand-fold in pure, innocent enjoyment, and in the refining influence it will exert upon your heart.

Emma's mother was a woman of refined and cultivated tastes, but the straitened circumstances in which she was placed made it necessary to weigh twice every hard-earned penny before expending it. As Emma grew older she studied with her mother all the primary branches of an English education. Mrs. Brainard had been a teacher herself, and laid a solid foundation for her daughter's future attainments. It was Emma's earnest desire to become fitted for a teacher, so that she might one day maintain herself and her mother. There was an excellent young ladies' school in the place, and after a great deal of managing and saving Emma's mother succeeded in laying aside enough to send her to it for a year. Many long consultations were held between the two before the ways and means for raising the twenty dollars were all contrived, and as a last resort the bureau had to be sold to make out the sum. Emma shed some tears at this and was ready to give up the scheme, but her mother cheered her up, saying that many people had got along comfortably all their lives without a bureau, and that there was a nice large chest up stairs she could move into the bedroom, and it would answer every purpose for laying away their clothes.

Emma had been in school three months, and won the approbation of all her teachers by her unflinching industry and gentle, unassuming ways. One evening she came home with a glowing cheek and informed her mother that Mrs. Harris had given her permission to go into the Latin class next week without additional charge. Cornelia Day will lend me a reader—now, if I can only get a grammar. Do you think I can, mother, after buying so many new books? It will cost six shillings."

"I do not know, dear; perhaps we can by a little contrivance. There does not seem much to retrench upon. I have only two shillings in the world; and the three dollars I shall earn by sewing this week and next must buy our winter's coal. Mrs. Graham called to-day for me to knit her boys some socks, but I could not commence them for two weeks, and she wished them directly."

"O, mother," said Emma, with sudden animation, "let me knit the socks. I could do it beautifully."

"Do you think you could, my daughter, with all your lessons to learn?"

"O, yes, I am sure I could if I get up an hour earlier. May I try, mother, if she has not engaged some one else?"

Permission was given, and Emma lost no time in running over to Mrs. Graham's. The lady willingly gave her the work to do, and she hastened home with the huge ball of coarse mixed yarn and a "measuring stocking," very happy at her success.

Early and late the click of her bright needles might be heard, as she sat by the window, a book on her knee, at which she often glanced, and from which she was reciting her morning lesson. By Saturday night one pair was finished, and she received a shining quarter from the kind-hearted lady, instead of the shilling she expected.

You, little friend, who have scarcely ever known a want, can not know how rich that quarter made her.

The book was purchased, the bookseller being quite willing to wait a few days for part of the money, and Emma commenced the study in right good earnest, as, indeed, she did every other which she undertook. The socks were all finished at last, the book paid for, and Emma had a half dollar over, all of her own earning. It bought two pair of warm woolen gloves—one for her mother and one for herself, which seemed a great luxury to both, as the old ones were very thin and darned in many places.

The year at school passed very quickly, Emma establishing for herself the reputation of the best scholar in school, yet endearing herself to every one by her gentle disposition and willingness to oblige, even at a sacrifice of personal convenience. She was always ready to correct an exercise, or work out a difficult problem for some less ready scholar; and there was scarcely one in school who had not, one time or another, shared in her kind offices.

Before the last session of the year closed Mrs. Harris requested Emma to remain a few minutes after school one evening. After a few kind inquiries about her mother and herself, she said she had observed with pleasure her industry and progress through the year, and would be glad, if she pleased, to have her instruct a class of little girls the next session, for which she should receive her tuition and the privilege of joining the French class if she chose. Emma's heart and eyes both overflowed as she thanked the lady for her kind offer, coming, too, just at a time when she was much depressed at the thought of leaving school, as it was not possible to raise the money for another year.

O, what joy it brought to the humble parsonage when Emma told the good news to her mother that evening! "Never distrust the Lord, darling," she said, "he can bring light out of the darkest midnight. You could hardly be better situated, for now you will gain some experience in teaching and not be thrown entirely on your own responsibility. Always remember, dear, to be 'faithful in that which is least,' as I am glad to say, my child, you always have been, and you will surely succeed."

And Emma was faithful to the little class she instructed, which was by no means an easy one to manage. Most of the members of it were the petted, indulged children of wealthy parents, and as a natural consequence were often self-willed and exacting. But Emma, with her usual tact, won their respect and love, and by degrees instilled in their minds higher principles and motives than mere self-indulgence. She became an oracle among them, settling all their little disputes, and helping them out of all their little troubles, and the strife among them soon seemed to be who should love her best.

Merry Christmas-time was coming and thousands of young hearts beat happily at the prospect of Christmas-trees and beautiful gifts from warm hearts that loved them. A knot of girls were gathered about a window in the class-room one recess talking over their bright anticipations. One older and more thoughtful than the rest remarked,

"Would n't it be nice to make Miss Brainard a pretty Christmas present?"

The idea was electrical, and soon all were enlisted. Directly whispered discussions were the order of the day out of school-hours, and a great many things proposed as suitable, and then abandoned for others which would be prettier. At one time it was a pair of china vases, then an elegant work-box, then a handsome gold pin with cuff-buttons to match, but nothing could they quite fix upon. At length the older girls were consulted, and Cornelia Day's opinion was the one entirely approved by all. It was to buy a nice blue merino dress with black velvet for trimmings.

As a result of these discussions the elder girls decided that it would be very pleasant to make Emma a surprise party, and every one take some little present. The parents, who were accustomed to deny their children nothing, especially during holiday week, seemed to catch the spirit, and it was at last settled a week beforehand, that they would make Mrs. Brainard, the minister's widow, a genuine old-fashioned donation visit.

On Christmas eve the widow's house was almost taken by storm. A thoughtful young lady

had whispered to Emma the day before that a few friends intended to call upon her the next evening, so she might not be entirely unprepared, but no word was spoken of the party. What, then, was her surprise on receiving the present of a beautiful blue merino from her little pupils, a velvet bonnet and nice shawl from the older school-girls, besides a warm double shawl for her mother—a comfort she greatly needed!

Besides these were great baskets of groceries and all sorts of provisions, brought by servants around to the store-room, and one generous-hearted merchant, whose pet daughter Emma instructed, sent his man around with a barrel of flour and his compliments to Mrs. Brainard. The widow's heart and eyes were full as she moved about with a sweet grace and dignity among her happy guests. How forcibly it reminded her of the olden time, before the strong earthly arm on which she leaned was taken away from her! But she had learned to lean more entirely on a higher, stronger arm, and "the widow's God" had been her stay. How fervently her heart went up in thankfulness to him for this new token of his love, and how earnestly she prayed that night in the quiet of her own chamber for blessings on the kind friends who had so generously ministered to her necessities!

The next morning Emma could scarcely keep her spirits within bounds as she went about the house examining all the new treasures. There were fine hams in the store-room, a luxury it had not known for many a day, a brace of fat chickens, and a fine young Christmas turkey, with enough of coffee, tea, lard, sugar, rice, etc., to last them half a year.

There was no want in the parsonage the remainder of that long, cold winter, and as Emma expressed it, "they could hardly be any richer." Her mother was not obliged to work so hard, nor was her mind continually harassed with the thought of what she must do to secure them daily bread; as a consequence, when spring returned she was in better health than she had known for years.

Emma's popularity among her little charge did not diminish, for it was founded on respect and love. A company of them came one day to Mrs. Harris and begged that she would "let Miss Brainard hear all their lessons." She smiled and told them she would "see about it in the spring, but they must say no more about it now." She was pleased with their request, it being an important point with her to have popular teachers. And as the primary teacher was to leave at the end of the session she offered the situation to Emma.

A hundred dollars a year! It seemed an al-

most fabulous sum! and she could go on with her French and drawing-lessons besides. Emma threw herself into her mother's arms and fairly cried for joy. Her duties now were more arduous, but she had a kind and considerate friend in Mrs. Harris, ever ready to instruct and encourage her. She was as strictly faithful as ever, even in the smallest matters, and her entire success was no matter of surprise to those who had watched her course.

A gentleman wrote one day to Mrs. Harris, inquiring if she could recommend to him a young lady of superior acquirements and some experience in teaching, who would answer for head teacher in his boarding school.

She felt that Emma was the very one he needed, but she could hardly make up her mind to break the matter to her, it being so much for her own interest to keep her. She did not allow that motive to rule her, however, but laid the case fairly before her.

"I should love very much, Emma, to have you remain with me," she said, "but I can not offer you half the inducement. Consider the matter well and let me know your decision to-morrow, if you please."

"But what do you advise me to do, Mrs. Harris? Your judgment is far better than mine in the matter."

"You are rather hard to compel me to decide against my own interests, Emma; but candidly I think, if your mother is willing, that you had better go."

"I thank you, Mrs. Harris, for your kind opinion, and will inform you to-morrow of my mother's decision."

It was very late when the mother and daughter went to rest that night, but it had been decided that if, after the gentleman called, they were all satisfied, Emma was to accept the new situation. The mother would rent the parsonage to a worthy young carpenter and his wife, who had long wished his old friend to do so, living with them herself, and reserving only the study and a little bedroom adjoining.

"But what shall I do without you, mother?" said Emma. "I never can bear to be separated," and she laid her head on her knee as she used to do when a little child.

"You will do very well, Emma," said her mother, smoothing the glossy auburn hair, "if you only go to Jesus with all your cares and joys. It will teach you a valuable lesson of self-reliance, which you must learn some time, for mother can not be always with you. Besides, I shall have abundance of time, if Charles is here, to write you long letters every week, and you will tell me every thing that interests or perplexes

you. I have passed through the same scene myself, and know it was a very valuable school to me."

After the interview with the gentleman both were well pleased to make the arrangement, the salary being larger than even Emma's day-dreams had imagined.

"Only make it for a year, though," said Mrs. Harris, smiling significantly, with an expression that puzzled Emma as she recalled it.

The next year was an important one in Emma's history. Thrown entirely upon herself, she developed faster than she had ever done before. A quiet, womanly dignity of manner succeeded the gentle, half-timid reserve of the school-girl; yet she never lost the sweet, mild grace of her early years, nor the tender, loving sympathy with every sorrowing heart. To her mother she was still the same fond little girl, even when she moved in a talented, literary circle, to which her presence was one of the brightest ornaments.

Spring came again, and Emma returned to her mother, a lovely, finely-developed lady. Her great improvement in personal appearance was remarked by every one, and perhaps it was with a little maternal pride that Mrs. Brainard watched the dozens of old friends who pressed around to shake hands with her as she passed out of church the Sabbath after her return.

"Would she go away again? They could not spare her—her mother needed her—indeed, she must not go," were among her greetings.

They were all answered a few mornings after, when Mrs. Harris's wedding cards were laid upon their center-tables. How every one was taken by surprise, as they had fully decided that she would always remain a widow! Her husband was a wealthy merchant from Chicago, and they left directly for their western home.

Emma Brainard became her successor as principal of the young ladies' school, to the entire satisfaction of all its old patrons. The income derived from it provided handsomely for herself and her mother in her declining years. Truly "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." She had improved the talents intrusted to her, and God graciously added to them tenfold. Her marked success was largely due to her faithfulness in little things.

Imitate her example, my young reader, and never neglect even a little duty, if you desire to be equally successful.

Our gladness should take the form of thankfulness. Gratitude is the grace which hallows gladness, and by giving it an upward direction, makes it both noble and safe.

DREAMING.

BY LUKLLA CLARK.

"Last evening, Mary, from my boat,
I saw, just by the shore,
A little cottage leaf-embowered;
And, through the open door,
I saw the light upon the hearth;
And often on the wall,
As to and fro the inmates passed,
I saw the shadows fall.
The stars, the while, serene and fair,
Came peopling all the sky,
And, like a princess proud, the moon
Looked calmly from on high.
The hum of voices, sweet and low,
Fell through the balmy air;
And though I could not see the smiles,
I knew the smiles were there.
My oars lay still: the sleepy waves
Had almost hushed their song,
And toward that cottage on the shore
I looked and listened long.
I could not plainly see a face—
I know that one was fair—
But by each tone of tenderness
I knew that love was there.
Thrice happy, happy group, I thought,
From care and turmoil free."
"Ah, yes, dear Edward, true enough,
How happy they must be!"
"Mary, I saw it all in sleep;
Those inmates I and you;
But if you think them happy, why
Not make my dreaming true?"

HOW ARE THE BEAUTIFUL?

BY RUFUS EDMONDS SHAPLEY.

THE beautiful are sighing now,
And tears are in their eyes,
For care hangs o'er them like a cloud
Of summer in the skies.
The winds are dreaming in the trees,
The brooks are murmuring by,
And every bird has ceased its song,
When youth and beauty sigh.
The beautiful are dying now,
For daylight in the west
Hangs trembling on the golden clouds
Above its place of rest;
And they, too young and beautiful
To linger in the night,
Die like a strain of music, or
A golden ray of light.
The beautiful are lying now,
All still, and cold, and fair,
With roses on their burial-robos,
And lilies in their hair.
Their hands are folded on their breasts,
No tears are in their eyes;
But with the stars the beautiful
Are singing in the skies.

HERE AND THERE; OR, TIDBITS OF TRAVEL.

BY PROF. OLIVER M. SPENCER.

REMINISCENCES OF ROME.

WHOEVER would see Rome and its environs to the best advantage must ascend the tower of the Capitol or the dome of St. Peter's. Here he will not only become acquainted with the general topography of the city, and the relative position of its surroundings, but will enjoy a panorama which, for its historical interest and classic associations, can only find its counterpart around the Acropolis at Athens.

On the morning of the 17th of July, having obtained an order from the Director of the *Fabbrica of St. Peter's*, we set out, in company with an English friend, for the purpose of ascending the dome. A broad, spiral inclined plane, of a grade so easy that you might drive up in a two-horse carriage, leads directly to the roof. After threading a labyrinth of passages and mounting a series of staircases, we ascend between the double walls of the dome, now rendered insufferably hot by the vertical rays of a midsummer's sun, to the gallery, and from thence to the top of the lantern and up to the base of the ball. My friend, who was decidedly of the Jack Falstaff type, puffed like a porpoise and seemed literally dissolving, while my more slender proportions trembled beneath the beating of my heart, which, keeping time in a sort of Runic measure, throbbed and palpitated as if it would leap into my mouth.

Going out on to the balcony a scene magnificent beyond description saluted our eye. The seven-hilled city, with the surrounding plain of her desolate Campagna, that stretched away in gentle undulations from Cape Linaro to Terracina, and from the foot of the Appenines to the shores of the Mediterranean, lay spread out, like a map, at our feet. To the south lies the wide-spread plain of ancient Latium—the theater upon which were fought the battles described in the last six books of the *Æneid*. Far away to the south-east is the Alban Mount—the site of Alba Long—and at its foot, skirted with a zone of dusky forests, the Alban Lake, names so familiar and suggestive to the classical scholar. To the left of the lofty summit of Monte Pila, occupying the sunny crest of a hill, are the ruins of Tusculum, the scene of Cicero's Tusculan Disputations, and the birthplace of Cato. On the east the eye glances away to the picturesque and woody heights of Tivoli, the "*Superbum Tibur*" of Virgil, amid whose beautiful scenery, and beneath whose groves of pine and cypress Horace composed some of his most exquisite lyrics. In the charming vale beyond lay his Sabine farm. Here

the "*præceps*" Anio tumbles headlong down the precipitous heights and hastens to overtake the yellow Tiber, who stretches his lazy length along the plain like some huge serpent basking in the summer's sun. Looking northward the eye successively rests upon the conical peak of Monte Genaro—the amphitheatric sweep of the Sabine Mountains—the isolated summit of the classical Soracte and the wooded peak of Monte Musini, each representative of some scene of poetic or historic interest. Beyond is the blue ridge of the Appenines. To the north-west may be seen the distant range of La Tolfa, and nearer by the volcanic group, amid whose bold and barren summits nestles the lake of Bracciano. From this point the eye traverses the fertile valley of the Arrone, flanked on either side by hills whose summits are crowned with groves of the ilex, the oak, and the cork-tree, till it joins the Mediterranean, and then ranges away to the dim and shadowy outline of the watery horizon.

As we contract the circle of vision the surrounding plain is strewn with the ruined monuments of that which once constituted Rome the mistress of the world. Among these, perhaps the grandest feature are the aqueducts, that, with a succession of gigantic arches, stride across the desolate Campagna like so many giants' causeways—the exaggerated ruins of Titanic structures that will tell their own stories for many centuries yet to come. Beneath us is the city of the Popes. The massive circular tower of Hadrian's Mausoleum, better known as the Castle of St. Angelo, confronts us from the east with its grim and warlike visage. It is surmounted with a bronze statue of the archangel Michael, and has been christened St. Angelo, from a traditionary account that, during the prevalence of a pestilence at Rome, the archangel appeared from its summit to Pope Gregory in the act of sheathing his sword, whereupon the plague was staid. At its base flows the golden Tiber, which, spanned by numerous bridges, traverses the city in an irregular winding course, and divides it into two unequal divisions.

Further on the eye rests upon the flowery crest of the Pincian Hill, the Bois de Bologne, or Hyde Park of the Roman capital. At its base, easily distinguished by the obelisk of red granite, is the Piazza del Popolo, from which radiate the main arteries of the city—among these the far-famed Corso, along which Rome, during the holidays, pours her carnival throng.

Some distance to the right, on the Monte Cavallo, the highest point of the Quirinal, is the palace of the Pope—a long, low range of substantial buildings; while far away to the south-east, crowning the summit of the Capitoline,

may be seen the imposing facade and lofty tower of the Capitol, whose great bell never tolls but to announce the death of the Pontiff, or the advent of the carnival. This semicircular sweep brings us around again to the Tiber, near the boat-shaped island of San Bartolemeo. From this point, following the course of the river to the Castle of St. Angelo, we complete a circle that embraces within its limits the greater part of the modern city of Rome. Beyond, and nearly encircling it, lies the city of the Cæsars.

From the midst of the confused jumble of circles and squares, quadrangles and polygons, that appear from this height to have been tumbled promiscuously together, numerous landmarks fix and detain the eye. Towers and domes, obelisks and triumphal columns every-where relieve the otherwise monotonous aspect of brick and mortar. Here and there a slender shaft, terminating in the omnipresent gilt cross, shoots up into the air with a venerable aspect, that reminds you of Isis and Serapis, and carries you back to the days of Mæris and Sesostrius. Conspicuous among the triumphal columns are those of Antonine and Trajan, the one surmounted by a colossal bronze statue of St. Paul, the other by that of St. Peter.

Nearer by is the *La Rotonda*, or the Pantheon. For more than eighteen centuries it has withstood the ravages of fire and flood, siege and storm, inundation and earthquake, Goth and Vandal—the shrine of all creeds, from the pagan to the Christian—the temple of all gods, from Jupiter to Jehovah, it has been desecrated and preserved by soldiers, consecrated and plundered by popes, and though stripped of its ornaments to furnish shrines for St. Peter's and cannons for St. Angelo, it is still the best preserved monument of ancient Rome, and is universally recognized as the synonym for architectural beauty and symmetry. Behind the altar of one of its chapels repose the ashes of Raphael—fit shrine for such immortal dust!

It was not a vain boast of Michael Angelo that he would place the Pantheon in the air. Here it is, and we upon its summit, more than four hundred feet above the pavement. The four surrounding cupolas might have graced as many elegant churches, and yet they appear as mere belfries in comparison with this. Beneath our feet is the sublimest structure that has ever been reared for Christian worship. Forty-three popes lived and died, and more than three centuries elapsed from the laying of its foundation to its final completion. And yet, though covering an area of eight English acres, the mind does not readily comprehend its immensity. Immediately in front is the piazza of St. Peter's,

flanked on either side by a semicircular colonnade terminating in a covered gallery, and adorned with two noble fountains of oriental granite, and an obelisk that once adorned the city of the Sun. To our left is the Vatican—an immense pile of irregular buildings which, with its labyrinth of galleries and porticoes, cabinets and corridors, with their vast treasures of art and literature, far surpasses in interest every other palace in Christendom, whether we consider the prominent position it has occupied in the history of the Church, or as a depository for the miracles of genius that have made Rome the center both of ancient and modern art. The thunderer still resides within, but not more harmless are Chinese forts, with their wooden guns, than are now the thunders of the Vatican. God, sooner or later, gives short horns to a mischievous ox.

Before descending we climb the ladder leading to the ball, and enter it by an aperture from below. It is a small chapel in itself, being eight feet in diameter and capable of holding sixteen persons. Being about midday, it glowed like a furnace, so that we were both glad to hasten our retreat. Our friend Falstaff found, however, that in this instance, as in most others, it was easier getting into a difficulty than getting out of it. It was soon very evident that the circular opening was never intended to accommodate persons of his capacity, and that it was going to be a close fit. He succeeded in getting about half-way through, and then matters came to a dead halt. Going out on to the balcony to indulge in a fit of laughter that I could not restrain, the last thing I remember to have seen and heard was a huge pair of legs dangling in the air, and the half-smothered voice of some one calling for "help!" Presently he made his appearance, looking as if he had just emerged from a Turkish bath.

"You look rather warm," I remarked, trying to smooth down my face.

"Warm! Why, Nebuchadnezzar would n't have wanted a hotter place for the three Hebrew children."

"Before attempting another such a feat as that," I continued, almost convulsed with laughter, "I would advise you to bivouac for three months among the Pontine marshes, and diet yourself upon malaria and the fever and ague."

"Yes! you Americans look as if you were brought up on that kind of diet."

"Not altogether, though we have another disease among us that, as a general thing, will keep down any plethoric tendencies as effectually as either."

"What is that?"

"Some people call it the malady of thought."

For fear of being catechised as to whether or not I had ever had an attack of this kind, I proposed to descend.

Pausing a few moments on the circular gallery that sweeps around the interior of the dome, we began to form some conception of the magnitude of St. Peter's. The mosaics, which appear from the pavement below to be the most delicate frescoes, are found to be so coarsely executed that you fail to recognize them. The colossal statues beneath us have dwindled to mere statuettes, while the nasal chanting of pigmy priests disturbs us no more than the monotonous song of a chorus of katyids. The towering distance seems to drink up all that would prove unpleasant to the eye or discordant to the ear.

We do not propose volunteering our services as cicerone to our fair readers, or otherwise, in this sublime temple. There are places where such a service becomes officious. There are times when we love to muse alone. We may be allowed to say, however, that St. Peter's contains the usual amount of relics, among others the spear of the soldier—now canonized as a saint—who pierced the Savior's side, the *sudarium*, or handkerchief, containing an impression of the Savior's features, and the identical chair in which St. Peter officiated as Pope. The sepulchral monuments are very numerous, and many of them well executed. Here not only the Popes from St. Peter to Gregory XVI have been interred, but James III, Charles III, and Henry IX, *kings of England*, "names," says Lord Mahon, "which an Englishman can hardly read without a smile or a sigh." The stucco ornaments and statues of St. Peter's, with a few exceptions, are unworthy of such a shrine, while some of the bas-reliefs are in exceedingly bad taste, as those of Ganymede, Leda and her Swan upon the bronze doors of the central entrance. And yet there was one little cherub face that we saw in the Tribune so radiantly beautiful, so ecstatic, so full of heaven, that we always expect to be the happier, and, we trust, the better for having seen it. Near the last pier on the right side of the nave is a bronze statue in a sitting posture, which demands more than a passing notice. It may have been a statue of Jupiter, or some other god, but the mandate of the Pope has transformed it into that of the apostle Peter. The great toe of the extended foot, though replaced several times, has been worn away by the osculations of pious pilgrims till it is nearly as thin as a wafer. Feeling an irresistible impulse to "do in Rome as the Romans do," I pressed my lips against the sacred bronze, and retired feeling none the better or none the worse.

It would require folios as ponderous as those

I saw in the presses of the Vatican to describe a tithe of the treasures to be found in that interminable labyrinth of literature and art. One who has visited the London Museum, the Louvre at Paris, the galleries of Florence, or the Vatican at Rome, with its twenty-two courts and eleven thousand rooms, will see a great many things that he can not describe, and a great many more that he will not remember. There are, however, a few chef-d'œuvres of transcendent genius that, crowding out every thing else, fill the whole horizon of the mind for the time being, and then, arranging themselves around the walls of the memory like so many bas-reliefs, are engraven there forever. An indistinct vision now floats before me of gods and goddesses, fauns, satyrs, centaurs, muses, cupids, bacchantes, and madonnas—of mummies, manuscripts, papyri, bronzes, terra-cotta ornaments, intaglios, and sarcophagi, constituting a kind of artistic mélange or olla-podrida that is being gradually subdued into a mellow mosaic background, from which these masterpieces of art stand out in clear outline and bold relief. The excessive grief of Niobe—the exalted patience and subdued agony of the Laocoon—the faultless form of the Belvidere Apollo, with his majestic mien and radiant countenance, his flashing eye and godlike vengeance—the unvailed beauty of the far-famed Medicean Venus, with her shrinking figure and half-averted countenance, expressive of an elevated purity blended with a dignified anxiety to avoid discovery and shun observation—and last of all the touching pathos and mortal agony of the Dying Gladiator, the swollen veins, the clotted hair, the unconquerable will yielding by slow degrees to a growing languor, as his drooping form sinks gradually upon his arm and his life ebbs slowly with the blood, that falls heavily drop by drop—to see these for a moment is to see them forever.

We had dwelt with enthusiasm upon Virgil's description of Laocoon when a freshman at college. We had learned to consider the Venus de Medici and the Belvidere Apollo as synonymous with female loveliness and manly beauty. The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo and the Transfiguration of Raphael had floated in our imagination as the grandest conceptions of artistic genius, while a description of the Dying Gladiator had more than once blinded our eyes and blotted out the printed page. But now that we had visited the galleries of Florence and Rome, we felt as did the Queen of Sheba in the court of King Solomon, when she said, "Behold, the half was not told me!" Why may we not have our Raphaels and Angelos? Is it because we are destitute of genius? Or is it not rather be-

cause we are too utilitarian? We are like the cock in *Æsop*, who, having scratched a pearl into the light of day, declared that to him it was less valuable than a grain of millet-seed. "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and where-withal shall we be clothed?" That's the capital question.

It will well repay the traveler to spend a day in visiting the studios of modern artists in Rome. Here, in addition to original paintings of considerable merit, may be found most excellent copies of the old masters, from a Madonna to the Transfiguration of Raphael, and ranging in price from twenty to one hundred and twenty dollars. The manufacture of mosaics is by no means so mechanical as is generally supposed. The number of enamels preserved for the purposes of the works in the Vatican amounts to no less than ten thousand. Great skill and a high appreciation of art is necessary as well as an almost infinite patience. The celebrated mosaic of Pliny's Doves, in the Museum of the Capitol, contain between seven and eight hundred stones to the square inch. Some are so exceedingly minute as to remind you of Myrmecides, who built a two-horse chariot that could be covered by the wing of a fly, and engraved an elegiac distich upon a grain of sesame. These mosaics are as much a feature of the city as coral and lava ornaments are of Naples, and are in great demand among foreigners at Rome. I was much amused in visiting one of these shops in company with the lady of a distinguished jurist of the Buckeye State. French is spoken in Rome as well as in all the other European capitals, and is recognized as the international medium of communication. Most Americans, however, perhaps to show their independence, have a mongrel dialect of their own. The lady just referred to, among other inquiries propounded the following: "*Avez vous de petits*—shirt buttons?" The artist bowed politely, shrugged his shoulders, but evidently did not comprehend this hybrid interrogatory. It was repeated in a somewhat modified form, but with similar success, when I timidly suggested *boutons de chemise*, and the buttons were forthcoming. Of deep and melancholy interest to us was the Protestant burying-ground. It is a quiet, secluded spot, near the Porta San Paolo, with an air of romantic beauty that strikingly contrasts with the massive, moldering ruins by which it is surrounded. The monuments are generally in good taste, though the inscriptions, many of them, display a degree of affectation and sentimentality that would be more in keeping with Père la Chaise. The grounds are well arranged and well kept, and altogether afford a striking instance of liberality on the part of the

Papal Government that is truly refreshing. "It might make one in love with death," says Shelley, "to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." Perhaps he little thought that he would ever sleep here side by side with one of his children, and not far from his beloved Keats. But now we read the following inscription: "Percy Bisshe Shelley, Cor Cordium, Natus IV Aug., MDCCCXII. Obiit viii Jul. MDCCCXXII." The expression *Cor Cordium*—heart of hearts—probably alludes to the fact that when his body was buried on the sea-coast, whither it had been washed ashore, after the wreck of his sailing-boat in the Gulf of Spezzia, his heart alone remained unconsumed. Generous, benevolent, affectionate heart of a mystical, skeptical, and visionary dreamer! Here, too, beneath the very shadow of the Pyramid of Cestius, with the violets and daisies blooming over him, is the resting-place of John Keats. He died of extreme sensibility and a broken heart, at the early age of twenty-four. Gifford shot the fatal arrow which Jeffrey tried in vain to extract. A little before he died he said with prophetic earnestness, "I feel the daisies growing over me." And so they are; but never did they deck the burial of one who was more susceptible to the poetry of nature. To a rich fancy and a prodigal imagination he united all the enthusiasm of a lover, while a reckless profusion of ornament and a wild luxuriance of imagery constitute his poetry a wilderness of intoxicating sweetness and bewildering beauty. Our eyes grow dim as we read the touching inscription dictated by himself and inscribed upon his simple tombstone: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Poor Keats! "*Died from want of sympathy*" might have been engraven there, as upon one-half of the tombstones of those who now sleep their last sleep.

In the midst of the gloomy reflections we were startled from our reverie by the tremulous tones of a female voice requesting the gentlemen of our party to retire. From her evident signs of emotion we might have supposed that she wished to enjoy in solitude the luxury of grief. It was a grief for the living, however, and not for the dead, as we all realized to our sorrow. It is perhaps needless to add that beggars and fleas—we have tried to disguise this unpopular insect of the genus *pulex* under some classical cognomen, but in vain—everywhere abound in Rome. The clamors of the former may be quieted with a paul, whose influence with the Romans is more potent than that of the apostle himself, but not so with the latter. They are not to be bribed unless with blood. They attack you upon the streets, waylay you amid the ruins, promenade

with you, eat with you, sleep with you, or if you can not sleep they will insist upon sitting up with you, and after sharing your vigils are ready to join you in your matins—in the café or the Coliseum, the palace of the Pope or the Mamertine prisons, in the chapels of St. Peter's or upon the Tarpeian Rock—everywhere, even in the catacombs and cemeteries. What avails the "*quiescat in pace*" on the marble monument or simple slab? They haunt the very dwelling-places of the departed, and give no rest to the living if they do to the dead. This is no overdrawn picture. So universal and grievous is this plague that it requires not a little nerve to accompany a party of ladies on any excursion, particularly if they are English or French. The first time I visited St. Peter's was in company with an English authoress of no little celebrity and her brother. We were standing in front of the *Baldacchino* or grand canopy over the high altar, immediately under the dome, and were just summoning our excited nerves to a truce while we should gaze upward upon this the sublimest feature of the most majestic of modern temples, when our literary friend, with unmistakable traces of painful emotion depicted upon her countenance, addressed a few words to her brother in an undertone, who forthwith "put a flea into our ear," and joined us in a most precipitate retreat.

"Fleas even in St. Peter's!" we muttered as we emerged on to the portico. "O for one hour of good old St. Patrick!" This is worse than martyrdom, yes, than cannibalism, to be thus eaten up alive. Were I to visit Rome again in July I should be tempted to prepare myself for it beforehand by soaking for nine months in a tan-vat, and if this would not answer, to saturate myself thoroughly with camphene and then set my clothes on fire.

The reader will please omit, or else pardon this rather lengthy episode upon apparently so insignificant a topic; for the subjects of it, though doubtless classed among the *acatholici*, or heretics, by all good Catholics, are most certainly one of the veritable institutions of Rome, and claim a larger share of your attention than the Pontiff himself.

A word to invalids going abroad for their health. Though in the latitude of Boston the mean temperature of Rome is only four degrees below that of Madeira. The climate is mild and soft, though relaxing and debilitating during the prevalence of the sirocco. The Italians avoid direct exposure to the influence of the sun by day, and of the malaria by night, esteeming the hour between sundown and dark as the most unhealthy of the twenty-four. They always select the shady side of the street, not only from con-

siderations of comfort but health, and it is a common saying among them, that "none but Englishmen and dogs walk in the sunshine at Rome." With these precautions persons afflicted with chronic rheumatism, bronchial affections, or those who are in the early stages of consumption, may derive lasting benefit from a residence at Rome. With those who are disposed to apoplexy, or have already suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs, it is just the reverse. A disregard of these conditions may account for the fact that so many English and Americans have gone to Rome in quest of health to find a grave.

SUSAN LESLIE.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

SKETCH NUMBER I.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

ABOUT three miles from the village of C. was another village, consisting of a small collection of miserable-looking houses, which told all too plainly their own sad tale of poverty and sorrow. Formerly there had been a small factory here, and it was at this time that the village grew up. But the factory had long since been burned down, and the industrious inhabitants who then occupied the dwellings had moved away, making room for the poor, degraded, indolent class now found here.

A small, low one-story store, which had once been painted red, stood near the center of the village. One-half was scantily filled with third-rate English goods; the other with a more generous supply of West India goods and groceries, among which were conspicuously placed barrels of rum, gin, and brandy. Around this store, at almost all hours of the day, were gathered ragged, miserable-looking men and boys; and on Saturday evenings an extra hand was employed by the store-keeper, whose special business it was to fill the many jugs and smaller bottles of the poor wretches who came for their Sunday's supply of the destructive poison.

Little potato-patches were scattered here and there with their contents still unharvested, though the chilly winds of autumn had begun to blow; stunted fields of yet more stunted corn were still standing; half-starved cows were picking around old logs and under old fences; and old, dilapidated barns shook in the wind with their scanty contents of miserable hay, hourly disappearing through their shattered sides.

Upon the extreme outskirts of the village stood a little, old building, surrounded with bushes. The two lower panels were gone from the battered door and most of the glass from the win-

dows. It was a kind of nondescript structure, the use of which few could guess. This was the village school-house, and the education and moral training of the children in the neighborhood had suffered even more than the house itself.

Such was "Valley Village," the home of the poor drunkard, Herbert Leslie. He had once been a smart, intelligent man. In his earlier years he was a teacher, successful in his calling, and looked upon as a young man of promise. He had married a beautiful girl, the daughter of a Christian mother, and she entered upon her duties as a wife with bright hopes of happiness. But, alas! the demon, Intemperance, came, and Herbert Leslie, the gifted, noble youth fell beneath his power. Through ten long, weary years the devoted wife followed her drunken husband down the dark road of degradation till she saw him reeling upon the verge of eternal ruin.

Yet the home of these wretched parents was cheered by one pure spirit. They had one child, a daughter, who seemed to inherit all her father's inherent powers of intellect and her mother's native goodness. The constant companion of wickedness and shame, she had remained pure and unsullied—a rose in the midst of a desert. She loved her father ardently, and many a time she went to the store late on Saturday night to lead him across the bridge to his miserable home.

At a little distance from the village lived a farmer, a devoted Christian. He had a little girl about the size of Susan Leslie. They were very intimate, and with this girl Susan had regularly, of late, been to the Sabbath school in C. Both had been convicted of sin and led to Christ in the late revival in the school. They were truly converted, and Susan returned to her desolate home more "like an angel" than before. Glad indeed was her mother when she learned of her daughter's conversion, and a dim, shadowy hope came struggling in upon the darkness of her heart, cheering it a moment with its brightness—a hope that better days were dawning.

Susan and Hannah, the farmer's little daughter, immediately went to work for the Lord. They were young, it is true—Hannah was fourteen and Susan one year younger; but they resolved to do what they could.

The superintendent had distributed among the scholars on Sunday some revival tracts, remarking at the same time that if any one wished for more of them to give to their friends at home he would supply them. Susan thought she should like to give some to the people in the Valley Village. She mentioned the subject to Hannah, and they concluded to ask Mr. Stevens, the superintend-

ent, what he thought of their plan. The tracts were obtained, and each of the girls, with a bundle in her hand, started off early on Monday morning to dispose of them.

When they returned at noon a tract had been left in every dwelling. They had also talked with many of the children; had told them about the Sabbath school, and of their own happiness in trying to serve the Lord. Some with whom they conversed were rude and wicked, and ridiculed the two pious children. Others were serious, and said they wished they could go to the Sabbath school and learn to be good. Little Anna Brown, a blue-eyed, barefooted girl of ten, with tears in her large, beautiful eyes, said:

"Can't you and Hannah teach us to be good? I never heard any one pray in my life, except the minister when little baby brother was buried. Why can't we go out into the pasture under the 'great rock,' where the sun shines so warm and bright, and have a little meeting? You and Hannah shall teach us just as they do in the Sunday school, and we will be real good and learn—won't we, Sophia?" she continued, turning to a little girl about her own age.

Why not, indeed! The thought was a new one, but they liked it. And so it was concluded to meet after dinner under the "great rock."

When Susan and Hannah reached the place they found quite a company of girls awaiting them, and, peering around the rocks and stumps a short distance off, some of the village boys also.

When all was ready Susan and Hannah commenced singing that beautiful hymn, commencing,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

Most of the girls could sing this, having learned it in the day-school during the summer, and their music floated away on the passing breeze and was heard in the village below.

The hymn having been sung, they all knelt down upon the grass while Hannah prayed. As she breathed her simple prayer to her Father in heaven, the tears started to the eyes of some who never before in their lives had listened to the voice of supplication. The boys, too, who, during the singing, had left their hiding-places and drawn nearer to the company of girls, began to lose their wondering look and appeared serious and thoughtful.

Susan then took out her little pocket-Bible, given her in the Sabbath school, and read the fourth chapter of Proverbs. Then they knelt down again and Susan prayed. She prayed for her little mates who were kneeling around her;

she prayed for the boys who were looking on, and for the wicked men and women of that wretched village. But when she came to pray for the parents of that little company—for *her* parents—tears choked her utterance and she sobbed aloud. Others wept with her. The Holy Spirit was touching their young hearts and new feelings were springing up—new aspirations were arising. All, indeed, was new—the Bible, the praying, and all the hallowed influences of that precious hour.

After they arose from their knees Hannah and Susan began to ask the other girls questions, just as their teachers did of the members of their classes in the Sabbath school. Then in turn the others began to question them. Some of these questions were rude and strange; but the two pious girls answered them as well as they were able, though they soon found that their own knowledge of spiritual things was very limited, and they resolved to study more diligently the word of God, that they might know more about the way of life. Thus an hour was passed, and after singing another hymn, which Hannah and Susan had learned in the Sabbath school, they parted, resolving to meet there again in a few days if the weather should remain pleasant.

But little Anna Brown would not leave Susan. She clung to her as a child to a mother. There had long been more than a common attachment between the two children, but now it was touching to see the pure love of the little girl as she held Susan by the hand, frequently clasping it in both of hers. A new light was shining in her large blue eyes as she looked up into the face of her companion and said, "I want to love the Savior, and I think I do some." Yes, precious child, and the Savior loves you. Angels doubtless were hovering over that scene by the "great rock," and up to heaven they carried the news that young hearts were turning to Christ!

There was one witness to that scene who was deeply moved by what he saw and heard. No one knew he was near, but he heard and saw all that was said and done. Herbert Leslie had been out with his gun hunting, and was just returning as the girls commenced their meeting. They were singing their first hymn as he took his seat on a log just within a clump of evergreens, which screened him from sight. At first he did not know what it meant; and not till they kneeled down did he fully understand the object of the gathering. He was deeply moved; and when Susan came to pray for the parents of that young group—to pray for *him*—he bowed his head and wept like a child. The past came rushing upon him with overpowering force. All its early joys, its rich promise, and its sad blight

passed rapidly in review. He looked upon himself, his bloated limbs and tattered, dirty garments, and asked, "Why am I thus?" Alas! the cause was but too apparent. Sin was ruining him. What might he not do if he would but break the cruel chain that bound him! With his noble mind, his fine education, his commanding powers, what might he not aspire to! It was the first moment of really serious thought that he had experienced for months. Indeed, he had scarcely thought for years. He would not think. But now he could not help it. It seemed as though his heart was bursting and his brain on fire, and he *must* think!

The children left, and Herbert Leslie took up his gun and sauntered down to the village. It was near tea time, and he had passed the store without calling when some one hailed him. Turning he saw a man standing in the door beckoning him back. As he approached him he perceived that he had a small tract in his hand, which he held out, exclaiming,

"Look here, sir, if you do n't teach your children better manners than this, sir, we shall have to do it for you."

"My children!" replied Leslie, "why, I have n't but one, and she's an angel. What harm has *she* been doing, pray tell?"

"Harm! why, sir, she has been *insulting* me, sir, and not only me but the whole village!"

"Well, that is bad, surely; but you have n't yet told me precisely what Susan has done that is so very insulting. I should like to hear."

"Just look at this, sir," answered the excited man, handing Mr. Leslie the tract. "The little jade had the impudence to leave this at my house this forenoon, and she or Hannah Perkins has left one similar to it at every house in the village. What do you think of that, sir? Do you think we shall bear it?"

"What do I think of it?" answered Leslie, taking the tract and glancing at the title. "Why, sir, I think it is about time for such poor, drunken fellows as you and me to be glad to get such books as these to read, and to pay good heed to their teachings, too, unless we wish soon to fill a drunkard's grave. '*A Warning to the Intemperate.*' Do n't that mean us? Have n't we been drunk more than half the time for these years? Is n't this a poor, drunken, rum-cursed village? And you are *angry* because God has put it into the hearts of two little girls to scatter these 'warnings' around in our wretched, poverty-stricken homes, where *rum* has been more plenty than food for long years. Sam Houghton, I am proud to call that child my own. *God bless her!*' and tears sprung to the eyes of the father

A dozen or more had gathered around while Leslie and Houghton were talking. Each had received a tract, some like the one left for Mr. Houghton, and others on a different subject. All, however, were appropriate. A few like him had been highly offended at what they were pleased to term the "insult," while others appeared serious and thoughtful. One thing was sure, the books had been read, and, what was still better, *they had produced feeling.*

"It's a shame," spoke up Mr. Wilder, the store-keeper, or "Nat Wilder," as he was usually called, "it's a downright shame, gentlemen, to have such an excitement caused in our peaceful village. I suppose the next thing we shall know they'll go to having *temperance meetings* and the next a *Sabbath school!* Why, gentlemen, what are we coming to?"

"Coming to our senses, Nat Wilder, I hope," resumed Leslie. "You cry shame upon two little girls who, with their tiny hands, are trying to plant a single rose in those desert homes where you have been planting briars for years. You talk of two children producing *excitement* when you have been murdering us fathers day by day ever since those children were in their cradles. Nat Wilder, what caused the death of young Witney? What made Frank Evans shoot his old, gray-headed father? What sent Ned Wilkins home to his miserable hut to murder his young wife and sleeping infant? *Rum, sir, and you sold it!* Talk of *shame!* Who has made Herbert Leslie what he is to-day, a poor, ragged, dirty, miserable, drunken wretch, the mere wreck of his former manhood? But, thank God! I am not yet dead. I have seen to-day that which has roused me. I should be worse than a beast to remain unmoved longer. I'll be a man again, or die in the attempt. *Not another drop of liquor shall ever pass my lips, God helping me!* And, what is more, sir, I'm going to *preach temperance*, too, and I'll begin next Sabbath evening out there under the 'old elm,' where we have drank so many drams together. Yes, sir, just pass it round that Herbert Leslie, the poor, drunken schoolmaster, will *preach temperance* next Sunday afternoon under the 'old elm,' and if I was a Christian I'd start a Sabbath school also."

After delivering this short speech and making the above novel appointment, Leslie left the store and proceeded toward his home. Never had he been so thoroughly roused before. The scene in the pasture had stirred up the deep, slumbering embers of his soul, and the attack upon his little girl, and especially the remark of the scoundrel Wilder, had roused all his latent energies.

But it was well for him that convictions for sin came before the trial of his parental feelings; well that he had listened to the voice of prayer, and wept beneath the power of an awakened conscience, before this severe probing of his paternal heart. He well knew that two ways lay before him. Either he must go forward and seek God and become a pious as well as a sober man, or, refusing to do this, he did not doubt he should relapse into his former habits and go down to ruin. The struggle was severe, for his habit was strong, and to break its cords seemed like tearing out the fibers of his own heart. But he resolved—resolved to go forward and seek God from that moment, and not to rest till he was a Christian; and firmly was that resolve kept. He listened to the voice of God speaking in his soul, and at once turned his face toward the way of life.

Never were wife and child more astonished than were Mrs. Leslie and Susan when the father entered and told his feelings and his purposes. The poor woman sobbed upon his shoulder, but Susan kneeled down by his side and thanked God.

That night the family altar was erected in that humble dwelling. And was it strange that prayer was heard? Strange that Herbert Leslie and his long-desponding wife should find the pool where sins are washed away? Strange, when God has said, "Seek and ye shall find!" Herbert Leslie and his sorrowing wife sought the way of life, and they sought not in vain. They were saved.

MY HOME-LAND.

BY MRS. E. B. GOODY.

THE poet may sing of Italia's bright skies,
And the glorious beauty that under them lies,
Of her sparkling waters so fair and free,
And the silvery starlight that smiles on the lea;
But I love not her sunsets of azure and gold
So well as America's beauties untold—

For our fathers lie here.

The limner may paint the scenes on the Rhine,
Where a castle is built with the wealth of a mine;
Where the rock-covered hills are towering so tall,
And the moon smiling brightly is blessing them all,
While her silver-gray light, like the vail of a nun,
Is floating down over tower and town
Sleeping softly below.

But my own native land I love better than all,
With its grand old mountains and forests tall,
Where I sit in the gorgeous autumn time,
With the heart of nature close to mine,
And I count its ocean throbbings, and know
That the red on the leaves is the life-tide's flow
Of the dying year.

DEACON PALMER'S FAMILY.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(CONCLUDED.)

"O DEAR, I wonder what that was!" and the child lifted her wooden bucket out of the little brook, whose waters were broken and tangled into white skeins by the large stones, and stared all around her. It was a wild picture of hill, and forest, and uncultivated lands over which her eyes wandered. The grass had faded, and the leaves burned under the sharp frosts, and these latter were like the color of the little English girl's cheeks, whose life had bloomed bravely for the last two years in the land of her father's adoption.

There was a stirring in the underbrush, for the little stream purled its waters just on the skirt of the thick woods, and then a young man came out of the forest and approached the girl.

He walked slow and wearily, leaning upon a stout oak staff; his face was so ghastly white it seemed he must fall with every painful step, and he wore the blue uniform of the "continentals."

"My child," he gasped, "will you give me a drink of water?" and then he sank down at the little girl's feet, and his head fell upon the earth in a sudden faintness.

She must have been a tender-hearted little creature, for the tears sprang to her eyes as she murmured, "Dear me, now, he's a rebel, I jest know by his dress, but I can't help feelin' sorry for him, though I do n't know what father 'd say," and she dipped her little brown hands in the brook and bathed the soldier's temples, and in a few minutes he opened his eyes and smiled the faint "thank you" in her face which his white lips could not speak.

And the little girl plucked a mullein leaf from a stalk near by and curled it into a cup, and filling it with water, held it to the young man's lips, and the draught refreshed him.

"Where do you come from?" she inquired.

"From the wars; I have a terrible wound in my right shoulder, and they left me a week ago on the battle-field for dead. I have walked and crawled ten miles since day before yesterday."

"If aunt Nabby could see you she 'd do something for your shoulder."

"Where do you live?"

"In that little red house jest behind the hollow. But you're a rebel, you see."

"And aunt Nabby is a tory," faintly smiled the stranger.

"Yes, and so is papa, but he's gone off into

Canada to hunt for bear-skins. If you can get as far as the house I know aunt Nabby 'll let you come in."

It was with difficulty the soldier could rise, even with the little girl's assistance, but he leaned his left arm on her shoulder, for his right one hung powerless at his side, and with slow, feeble steps they made their way to the little one-story red house just on the edge of the panshaped hollow.

"Wall, Amy, I did n't know what had taken you. Here it is nigh on to sundown, and I want you should card this fleece as soon as you get the water on bilin'."

She was an old, old woman, with her snowy hairs folded over her wrinkled forehead, and she wore a white linen short gown and blue linsey-woolsey skirt, as was the fashion for young and old at that period.

The old woman was "hatcheling" flax, and the silvery heaps lay at her feet, and as she spoke she caught up the last handful in her withered fingers and drew it over the spikes of the board she held in her lap.

"Aunt Nabby, do n't you see here's a man that's sick and been wounded in the wars, and I've brought him home for you to cure him?"

"Mercy sakes!" the old woman put down her hatchel and looked with her dim eyes on the stranger.

"You won't turn me away from your door," he said appealingly as he sank into a low, rush-bottomed chair, "because I'm a sick and almost dying man, even if you do call me a rebel, and because I've got a mother nigh upon two hundred miles from here, whose heart will be broken if her eyes never look upon her boy again!"

The old woman rose up and peered into the young man's face, and the tears lay still on her withered cheeks.

"I had a boy once," she murmured, "and he was jest about your hight and age, too, I reckon, when they brought me word he was drowned at sea, and I can never see a young man in sickness or trouble without pityin' him, be he friend or foe, for the sake of the mother at home, whose heart's nigh to burstin' with care and anxiety over him."

"I do n't want you to go if you are a rebel; I do n't want you to go one single bit," and the rosy-cheeked little English girl put up her round brown arms around the stranger's neck as he sat before the fire made up of slender birch twigs one morning in the little red house of the Englishman, Richard Mason.

The two weeks during which he had been an inmate of his dwelling had greatly improved the

sick man's health and appearance. His wounded arm rested in a white linen sling, the deadly pallor had left his face, and, though it was still worn and wasted, you felt that beneath it throbbed the springs of returning health. The old woman had been a faithful and judicious nurse, strengthening the young man with decoctions whose preparations she had learned in the dear old mother country, and healing his wound with a balsam which had been given her by a grateful Indian to whom she had rendered some slight service, and in a little while the old woman and the little girl had quite forgotten the fact that their guest was a rebel, who, according to Richard Mason's views, "deserved nothin' better than hangin' or scalpin'."

"You 'll have to foot it for at least thirty miles afore you come to a turnpike," said old Mrs. Green as she busied herself in placing a cold chicken, a pewter cup of "blackberry jam," and a card of gingerbread in a small willow basket. "I can't stand the thought o' your goin' off to-day, only I'm a little afeard Richard may be home to-night or to-morrow, and, though there never was a better man walked, he's sot on his notions as the hills, and it would n't pertickerler please him to find a rebel in his house."

"Yes, aunty, it's high time I was startin', for news travels fast by stages, and if they've got word at home that I'm shot I won't answer for consequences." He looked very serious a moment, and then he took the child who was hanging on his chair arm and set her down on his knee and run up the fingers of his left hand through her short brown hair.

"Amy, my little girl, I shall miss you very much; I shall think of you a great many times every day, and want to see you."

She nestled up her soft cheek to his. "And there won't be any body to comb your hair when your head aches."

"No, my child, not till I get home to sister Becky. O, but won't her eyes sparkle when she sees me!" He sat still, his own hazel ones growing dark with sweet thoughts and anticipations of returning to his family.

At last he took up the child's face from his shoulder and looked at it earnestly—at the laughing mouth, the rosy cheeks, the bright eyes.

"It will be a handsome face one of these days, Amy," he said, and she blushed for pleased shame. She was just twelve years old.

Then the young soldier took a small gold locket from his pocket hung with a black cord. Inside were a couple of locks of hair, one bright gold, the other dark brown.

"They are my sister's hair and mine," he

said, as he slipped the cord around Amy's neck. "I put it in there with hers last night. You will keep it always for my sake, Amy."

"Always."

"Come, be a brave little girl now and wish me a quick journey." He stood in the door of the little red-brown house and looked out on the white landscape, for there had been a heavy frost the night before, and the earth was folded away in it.

"Well, I'll try. Good-by." She gave him her hand, and brushed away with the other the tears which stained her cheeks.

"You must manage to get under shelter, young man, if there should be a squall. Them heaps o' white clouds look rather threatenin' in the west; but they seem for all the world like the hawthorn hedges which the winds used to strike up into great white billows every May in the dear old mother country," and the old woman wiped her eyes with the corner of her striped apron. "It an't likely I shall ever look into your face again; but may the Lord bring you safely to the mother whose heart's sore for you from sunrise to sunset!"

"Amen!" said the young man solemnly shaking the old woman's hand. He turned to Amy, but the words died in his throat; he kissed her forehead two or three times and hurried away.

He opened the back gate softly and gazed all about him—at the wood pile in one corner of the great yard near the sunflower stalks, and the small quince-trees which grew on one side of the old brown homestead of Deacon Palmer.

Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and Rebecca Palmer came out of the door with a tin basin in her hand, and the man's heart leaped as he heard her say, in her quick way,

"Never mind sprinklin' them clothes, mother, I'll attend to it as soon as I've hunted up a few o' them winter pears to stew for supper," and he saw the light, rapid figure hasten round the corner of the house to the old pear-tree just in the edge of the pasture, which he remembered climbing so many times in his boyhood, and amid whose branches he had gathered the faded bird's nests every fall. He followed the quick figure stealthily, and stood still a moment just outside the bars, and she did not see him, for her back was turned, and she had dropped down on the yellow grass and was searching amid it for the fruit which the wind had shaken off.

"Becky, Becky, I say!"

She turned quickly, and as her eyes fell upon his face a ghastly pallor crept over hers. She covered it with a shriek, not loud, for it seemed to lie for very terror in her throat.

"Why, Becky, do look up here! Now, have n't you got a better welcome than this for your brother when he's come back from the dead like?"

But she cowered closer down in the grass and moaned and shivered like the leaves in the old pear-tree.

"See here, now, what on airth ails you? If you take me for a spirit, jest look up and I'll be able to convince you I'm honest flesh and blood yet."

He lifted her up by one arm, for she was too weak betwixt fright and wonder to resist; but the old, familiar, hearty tones half reassured her.

She lifted her face from her hands and looked at her brother a moment with a strained, wild glance, then the glad truth broke into her heart, for the hazel eyes had their old roguish glance, though they were set in a pale, wasted face.

"O, Reuben, Reuben, I thought it was a ghost!" and she fell upon his neck with a wild sob of joy.

It was long before he could get her to talk rationally. She would throw her arms around his neck, and, hugging him tightly, murmur such tender words over him betwixt sobs and laughter as Reuben Palmer had not heard since he lay a babe in his mother's crib.

"You precious, darlin' fellow, have you really come back to us alive? Bless your heart, how white and changed you are! O, Reuben, darlin', is it really you, or am I dreamin'!"

And at last the girl grew calmer, and was able to tell her brother of that terrible night when the awful tidings came home of his death, and how they had n't one of them smiled since, and how, though his mother tried to "bear up," every one who looked in her face could see that her heart was broken.

And then both the young man and the maiden sat down on the grass and wept as though they were little children.

At last Rebecca rose up. "O, what will mother say! You must come right into the house, Reuben, only p'raps I'd better break it to her slow like, for she's weakly now, and the sudden joy might kill her. O, there's father!"

And they saw the old Deacon come slowly into the yard and alight from his horse just before the barn door, and remove the heavy bags of flour from the animal's back, for the old man had just returned from the mill.

"We'll go and tell him first. You jest keep around the corner of the barn and I'll break the news," cried Rebecca.

She came panting up to her father just as he was leading the horse into the barn.

"O, say, father, I want to tell you—something's happened!"

The old man turned and looked in the eager face of his daughter, and his son standing a little way off could see the change which the last two weeks had wrought in his face.

"Well, what is it, my child?"

"You'll be so glad, father, and yet—I can't tell it. O, Reuben, do come here!"

And he came out. "Father!"

The vague superstitions which almost all country people held at that period of ghosts who haunted their old homes, and visits made by the dead to the living, at once suggested even to the well-balanced mind of the Deacon the possibility of his son's spirit returning to him.

He turned white as his child had done, but he did not speak, and Rebecca cried out, "Do n't be afeared, father. It is n't a ghost, but Reuben's old self, and he was n't dead, as we all thought."

One long, greedy glance, and the father knew his child.

"O, Reuben, my son Reuben, the Lord be praised!"

And the father and the son fell upon each other's necks, like Jacob and Joseph of old, and wept.

"We must break it to mother easy, children, or it'll sartain kill her for joy," said the old man, vigorously wiping his face with his pocket handkerchief.

So it was arranged that Deacon Palmer should go in and break the joyful tidings to his wife according to his best judgment.

The trio went up to the house; Deacon Palmer entered the kitchen, and his children stood just outside the door, where they could hear every word. Mrs. Palmer was slicing some apples into a wooden bowl. She did not look up as her husband entered; all these weeks she had gone on with her household duties careful and assiduous as ever, but with a face which grew more pale and patient every day—more like the faces over which the grasses grow and the winds walk.

"Wall, Becky," she said, "I could n't make out what had kept you. You've been a heap of time huntin' them pears."

All the life had gone out of her voice, it was as full of grief and patience as her face.

"It's me, mother, not Becky. I've jest got home from the mill, and I've heered good news."

"What kind o' news, father?" with scarcely a faint stir of interest.

"Ahem—wall, this was from the army."

The old woman sighed. "Then the Lord's given us another victory over our enemy."

"Wall, not that exactly. It's somethin' that consarns us more nearly—somethin' that'll give you great joy, mother."

Poor old man! He was internally congratulating himself on the tact and discretion with which he had approached his subject; but he could not keep a tone of triumphant gladness out of his voice, and he was not astute enough for a woman's quick intuitions.

"John," she said, turning round and looking him full in the face—a look that fairly staggered him—"have you heard any thing about Reuben?"

"Wall, yes, it did consarn him—" He broke down here. "Reuben, come in and let your mother see for herself."

"Mother!"

She gave one long, greedy look as his shadow fell over the threshold. She comprehended it all in that glance, and stretched out her arms as he rushed forward, but they only clutched at the air, for before she could gather him to her heart she had fallen to the floor. Her son that was dead was alive again, but the mother's joy was more than her heart could bear.

"Wall, mother, now you may as well take the gal and try her. You need somebody to help you do up chores, bein' Becky's got married and gone to take care of her own home."

Deacon Palmer thus delivered his opinion in an undertone to his wife one August afternoon in the pantry, whither he had followed her for a private consultation.

"The gal looks peart and bright," said Mrs. Palmer, meditatively passing her forefinger over the rind of a new cheese, "and somehow I can't help takin' a sort of interest in her."

And while the Deacon and his wife were talking his son Reuben entered the kitchen with an ox whip in his hand; his handsome face was sunbrowned with hard labor, and he wore a straw hat and a farmer's suit of blue "homespun."

"Father, can't you help me come and unload the corn?" he exclaimed, and then he started back suddenly, and a faint blush burned in his brown cheek, for there in his mother's arm-chair by the fireplace sat a young girl with a face it would have done you good to look at, so bright, and fair, and rosy was it, though you knew at the first glance that it had not passed far into its teens. The girl looked at the young man very earnestly a moment, and a quick change went over her face. She rose up.

"Did you wish to see my mother?" asked

Reuben in that kindly, courteous way which no gentle breeding only his own true, manly heart had taught him.

"I have just seen her, sir. O, do n't you know me?" she cried out suddenly, and reached both her hands to him.

Another glance full of wonder and curiosity into the blushing face. Then a faint recollection dawned in the young man's soul. Suddenly his eyes cleared up into a great brightness.

"Amy Mason!" and he drew the small, half-child figure close to his heart just as he had done on the morning in which they parted.

"How in the world did you get here, my child?"

"I was all alone," she said, with the tears settling into her eyes, "for aunt Nabby has gone to my father and mother, and father was away so much in his bear hunts that I could n't stand the silence and loneliness of my home away off almost in the wilderness. And when he said he must be gone all winter I coaxed him to let me shut up the house and go to some of the neighbors."

"And then—"

"I was n't happy there, you see, and one night when I lay awake lookin' at the stars and feelin' that I had n't a friend in the whole world, I remembered you and all you had told me of your mother and sister Becky. And I made up my mind that I'd set out at once and try and find 'em and see if I could n't hire out with 'em for your sake. Father'd left me jest money enough to pay my fare and stop at the taverns on the way, and so here I am at last."

"Well, you're a brave girl to come all this distance in war times with that pretty face o' yours."

A blush crept up and deepened the roses which sat in the cheeks of Amy Mason. Then she said in her own childlike, artless way, "I did n't expect to find you here, though, for I s'posed you'd gone back to the wars; but I thought may be your folks would let me stay for your sake."

"My poor country! She needs every soldier she can muster; but I have n't been tough and hearty like these three years since I left the army, and father thinks I an't fit for service, and it would break mother's heart if I should speak o' goin'. So I've felt it my duty to stay at home and oversee the farm, though it chafes me sorely sometimes."

"What does all this mean, Reuben?"

It was the simultaneous inquiry of the Deacon and his wife as they stood in the pantry door and saw Amy Mason at Reuben's side, while his arm was drawn round her waist.

He led her up to them. "It is the little English girl to whom I owe my life. Father, mother, you will take her and be tender of her as your own child in remembrance of this."

And amid tears and blessings the answer of the old people fell into the heart of Amy Mason.

Three years more went by, and the sweet beauty of the English girl blossomed into its eighteenth summer under the roof of Deacon Palmer; and then in the very month that the war was over and the independence of the United States acknowledged by the English Government, when the land was full of rejoicing and thanksgiving that after the long night it was morning, in that very month Amy Mason gave her blooming youth in marriage to Reuben Palmer, and the prayer of the old white-haired minister whose trembling voice made them husband and wife was answered. In the years of Reuben Palmer's life the woman of his love and trust, the glad sharer of all his joys, the tender soother of his sorrows, the mother of his children, Amy Mason, the English girl, was indeed to him "a gift of the Lord."

NOTES OF A VISIT TO MY FATHER-LAND.

BY REV. JOSEPH HOLDICH, D. D.

PART II.

A SOMEWHAT interesting incident relating to Crowland Abbey occurred in connection with our visit. The evening before a considerable portion of the upper part of the archway had fallen down and the debris was lying in the path. Mentioning this to the rector on whom we called, he lamented the fact, but seemed to regard it as irreparable.

"Why irreparable?" asked my friend from York.

"It is impossible," was the reply, "to counteract or stay the effects of age."

"But why so?" was the rejoinder. "We do not let St. Mary's Abbey in York go to ruin any further. If a part of the wall show a tendency to fall immediate measures are taken to preserve it, and so the appearance of the ruins is preserved exactly as they are. Your Abbey ought to be preserved. It is the only attraction to your town, and it is attractive enough to draw crowds of visitors every year if there were only spirit enough to preserve it and give it notoriety."

Whether this conversation had any effect I can not say, but when in Paris I subsequently saw in an English newspaper a call upon the public to aid in repairing the late damage and to preserve the sacred edifice, I could not but remember the above conversation. It may possi-

bly have had something to do in awakening this new-born interest.*

On the ornamentation of the west front of the Abbey we must say a word. Besides the statues of several apostles, St. Peter, St. Paul, and others, there are two full-length statues, one holding a cross, and the other holding what seem to be loaves of bread. There is a king with a radiant crown, with a sword in his right hand, of which, however, only the hilt remains, and in his left a globe, and a gowned figure, holding in its right hand a cross and in its left a book. There is a youthful bishop, pontifically clad, bearing a crozier in his left hand, while his right is raised as though pronouncing a benediction. Besides various single figures, male and female, there is a defaced figure with its right foot on a beast, and by it a whole-length figure of a monk, but headless, girt with a cord and standing on a headless beast. Then there are Adam and Eve, with the tree of life and the serpent, all finely carved. In another place is a boat bearing three persons to an island, on which is a tree, having a sow and pigs lying near it, supposed to represent the tutelary saint Guthlac and his two companions arriving at the island on which the Abbey was subsequently built. Near this again are a man and a demon of monstrous shape, symbolizing, as is supposed, the temptations to which the saint was exposed in his retreat. This is but a small part of the numerous figures that cover this highly-ornamented front, all of which had some symbolic meaning.

Thorney and Crowland, as the reader may have observed, both lie in the fens of England. This is a curious region and not much known, and a brief description may not be without interest. The fens, sometimes called Bedford Level, are an extensive tract of country in the eastern part of England extending into six counties; namely, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, and Huntingdonshire. They are bounded east by the great inlet of the German Ocean called the Wash, and round the other portions by ranges of hills or high lands. They extend near sixty miles in one direction by thirty-three in another, though the shape is somewhat irregular, and contain about 400,000 acres. It is the general belief that the Romans first formed embankments to shut off

*I am glad to see that this is not effervescent. In the Stanford Mercury for January 13, 1860, I find public notice of a Croyland—so it is sometimes spelt—Abbey Restoration Fund, with a list of subscribers. I hope, therefore, some effectual means will be taken to preserve these venerable ruins.

the tide from this region, but these being neglected the sea recovered its lost ground and again overflowed the country. There are various indications of this. They are such as these. There are found lying below the present surface, to the depth of several feet, the roots of large trees, grass lying in swaths as though recently mown, shoes of a pattern worn in the reign of Richard II. At the setting down of a sluice at Skirbeck, near Boston, a blacksmith's shop was found, covered with silt or peat, sixteen feet below the surface. After repeated attempts to recover this region from the dominion of the sea, Charles I, in 1634, granted a charter to Francis, Earl of Bedford, and thirteen others for the drainage of fens, allowing as a compensation 95,000 acres of the redeemed land. They expended upon the work £100,000, a sum equal to thrice that amount in the present day, to very little purpose except as preparing the way for future effort. But the times were unfavorable to their enterprise. During the latter part of the reign of the unfortunate Charles people were too much occupied with civil dissensions to engage in extensive public improvements. Nothing further was done till 1649, the first year of the Commonwealth, when William, the succeeding Earl of Bedford, had his father's rights restored, and after an additional expenditure of the enormous sum of £300,000, he, with his coadjutors, completed the undertaking. Considerable drains were cut as outlets for the water, smaller ones called dikes intersected the several fields and carried the water into the larger ones. These dikes between the fields served as fences. But so flat was the country that the water would not run off without artificial pressure. Hence it was necessary to have water mills or machines with large paddle-wheels to force the water onward. In the flattest portions nearly every farm had its mill, or, perhaps, one mill or pump served two farms, so that in some places one might see the huge sails of twenty of these engines gyrating at once. But all this has passed away. The advance of science carried improvement to the drainage of the fens. The discoveries in hydraulics show that enlarging the body of water is equivalent to augmenting the descent. This law was applied successfully in the case before us, and by a new act of Parliament, as late as the years 1825 to 1829, the last improvements in the drainage were effected. Deeper and wider drains were dug, down which the water descended by its own specific gravity. The wind-mills were, therefore, no longer required, and they have consequently all been removed. Another advantage followed. These deeper drains serve as canals for floating the

produce of the country to market, which had formerly been transported by land carriage at much greater expense and trouble. This last improvement cost £150,000 more.

The soil of this reclaimed land is a deep black loam, and is extremely rich. But it was at first very difficult to cultivate. Being very moist, and, from imperfect drainage, liable to be overflowed at times, it required no little skill as well as watchfulness both to seed it and secure the crops. We have heard tell of inundations that drowned the cattle, swept off property, and endangered lives. Old persons have also related that in their fathers' day, in spring plowing, it was sometimes the practice to fasten square pieces of boards to the feet of the horses, to keep them from sinking, and that when a poor beast happened to slip from his pattens it was with great difficulty he was prized up from the mire. It made capital grazing land, and was a famous region for sheep and black cattle. Lincolnshire mutton is celebrated still, and the quantity of geese, ducks, and turkeys sent up to the London market is almost incredible. Before its drainage this immense morass was occupied by amazing quantities of wild water-fowl, and a great hue and cry was made by those who made a precarious livelihood by shooting and snaring them. Such is the short-sightedness of ignorant people. The fens now sustain thousands in comfort and even wealth which only gave a pitiable and uncertain support to a few scores in their wild condition. This region is now among the richest and most productive in the kingdom, and the cultivators of the soil are a wealthy and superior class.

Of the original grant to the draining company, 16,000 acres still belong to the Bedford family, long since elevated to the dukedom. These include the town and parish of Thorney, in which every acre, house, mill, and building of every kind belongs to his grace. No man here owns the land he cultivates or the house he lives in. They are all renters, and at a high rate, too, being, if I remember correctly, 30s. sterling, or nearly six dollars, to the acre. Yet the farmers generally do well, and sometimes lay up fortunes. One gentleman was named to me who, while young, rented a farm on an adjoining estate, that of Thomas Orby Hunter, Esq., but afterward bought by the Marquis of Exeter, who made a fortune sufficient to move into an adjacent market town, where he set up his carriage and livery. Yet he still rented and carried on his farm. Another farmer inherited a fortune of £60,000, yet he continued as his father had been before him, a tenant under the Duke of Bedford. The gentleman whose hospi-

tality I enjoyed in Thorney resides in the town, while his farm is two miles off. It shows something of the position of the renting farmer in England that Mr. B. could give up part of three days, all of one of them, to my accommodation in the midst of harvest, and when I begged not to take him from his business, replied, "It is of no consequence. My men will work just as well if I am not there, as they get my grain in by contract at so much the acre."

The day after the visit to Crowland our kind friends drove us over to Woodcroft House, Northborough, and Glington. The first of these is fraught with historical interest. It was formerly a fortified mansion of considerable strength, surrounded by a moat. The larger part of the building has been demolished, but enough remains to be a comfortable and somewhat imposing private residence. It is still surrounded by the moat, the place of the draw-bridge only having been filled up as an approach to the arched entrance to the court-yard. In this arch are still visible the fastenings of the ancient portcullis, or suspended iron gate, which was drawn up in time of safety, but could, in case of alarm, be let down in a moment. Few will forget the description which Sir Walter Scott gives of the portcullis in his scene of Marmion in the castle of the Douglas. As soon as the insult was given the fierce and fiery old Baron exclaims,

"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bryde of Bothwell, no!
Up draw-bridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
And dashed the rowels in his steed:
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending grazed his plume;
The steed along the draw-bridge flies
Just as it trembles on the rise."

As you stand here under the massive arched gateway, with the moat in front, over which, in by-gone years, the draw-bridge was wont to be thrown, you might imagine the whole scene before you as if it had taken place on this spot. As you emerge from the gateway on the interior you might fancy the scene of the ancient castle. You are standing in the court-yard. But the fortification is demolished, and nothing but the moat marks the ancient boundary. But this is full of water still, in which some noble swans were floating, and a tiny boat was moored ready as occasion required to carry you across. Some tall and spreading fir and other trees pleasantly

shade the water. On a warm day in August the effect was very agreeable. The water, the foliage, the refreshing shade, with the little boat floating lazily in the moat, with the majestic swans moving as if loth to be disturbed in their *dolce far niente*, and to crown all a princely Newfoundland dog, made a delightful impression on the mind. Contrast heightened the impression when one referred to the history of the place and the scenes of blood and carnage which are known to have occurred where we now stood.

It is on record that this place endured a siege by the Parliamentary army, when the place was taken by assault, and the commanding officer cruelly slain. Sir Walter Scott has made use of the incident in his novel of Woodstock, giving the circumstances correctly, only making a slight error in the name, calling it Woodford House instead of Woodcroft. In a note at the foot of the page Sir Walter quotes from Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, book IX. In those days, when clergymen sometimes wielded the carnal weapons as well as the sword of the Spirit, the Rev. Michael Hudson, one of Charles's chaplains, did valiant battle for his king. He was taken captive by some of Cromwell's troops, but, having made his escape, he headed a party of cavaliers in an insurrection, and took possession, says the record, of a strong moated house in Lincolnshire called Woodford House. He held it securely for some time, and made a vigorous defense against a good party of horse from Stamford till the colonel in command at Stamford sent a stronger detachment under a captain who was his own kinsman. The captain was shot by the besieged party, when the colonel himself came down to renew the attack. In revenge for the obstinacy of the resistance and the death of his kinsman, he gave special orders not to spare "that rogue Hudson." On the capture of the place Hudson fought his way to the leads on the top of the tower, where he threw himself over the battlements and hung to the water-spout, intending to drop into the moat. But the ruthless soldiers, true to their orders, reached the top before he fell, cut off his wrists and let him drop. This done they ran down to hunt him in the water, where they found him "paddling with his stumps," and barbarously knocked him in the head. That this was Woodcroft House there can be no doubt. The character of the place, moated and strongly fortified as this was, its nearness to Stamford, only five or six miles off, there being no similar place any where near that town, and the tradition of the neighborhood, render the proof altogether satisfactory. The slight difference in the ending of the name is of small account, and of just as little is the fact that Woodcroft is in

Northamptonshire and not Lincolnshire as the chronicler has it. Stamford is in Lincolnshire, but Woodcroft is across the line in Northamptonshire, but not far from the boundary. Nothing doubting the facts in the case, it was with no small interest we ascended the tower and stood on the leads which had been the scene of this transaction, saw the very spout to which he clung, and where he suffered the cruel amputation, and followed him in imagination to the bottom of this four-story tower, to where, with his mutilated and bleeding limbs, he fell into the moat that surrounds the building.

Thankful for the kind attentions shown at Woodcroft House by Mr. and Mrs. S., the kind and hospitable proprietors, we took our departure for Northborough. This is a small and, in itself, insignificant village. It is not wholly without interest. Here stood Northborough Castle, a strongly-fortified place, surrounded by massive walls and arched gateways. It is most remarkable as having been the residence of one of Oliver Cromwell's daughters. Here she lived for some years, and, dying in this place, was buried in the parish church. Down deep in the charnel-house was a huge collection of human bones that had been dug up from the graveyard in subsequent interments and thrown promiscuously in this crypt. Who knows but some human teeth, which we brought away in one visit to this place, may once have been a part of the Protector's daughter? So do we come down at last to a common level, as, indeed, we spring originally but from a common origin. In closing we may remark, that what was once a fortified castle is now only an ordinary farm-house, though still surrounded by much of the original wall.

We ended the day and spent the night at Ginton, a rural agricultural village, about two miles from Northborough and six from Peterborough. Here we found hospitable entertainment at the house of a friend of other days. Agreeable yet painful were the reminiscences of our boyhood. Miss S. is a rare type of English character. A maiden lady, no longer young, in handsome circumstances, farming her own land, she shows what capacity and energy can accomplish. She manages her own farm, buys, sells, oversees, and directs all herself, with such counsel or advice as she may receive from her neighbors. Her establishment is a model of good order and wise management. Her out buildings, her grain stacks, and hayricks testify to the skill of the presiding genius. Her flower beds were brilliant in variegated and dazzling colors, and all pictures of neatness. Her house is one of the best and most attractive in the village, composed almost entirely of substantial

and even picturesque residences, which are occupied by a well-to-do class of farmers, who cultivate their own estates. In this it differs altogether from Thorney, and is much smaller and more decidedly rural in appearance and character, though scarcely less neat. It is remarkable for its parish church, so picturesque, with its tall, slender, but well-proportioned and beautiful steeple. Who does not admire a graceful spire, so fittingly symbolizing heavenward aspirations, and pointing upward as though to lift the thoughts to God? How much more appropriate than the low, flat roof of a Grecian temple or the abrupt termination and earthward seeming of a blunt tower! Ginton church, too, is remarkable for a superior chime of bells, which regularly once a week in the evening hours sent forth their dulcet peal, merry, or sad, or soothing as the hearer's state of mind may be. In the stillness of a summer evening the effect is delicious.

"How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory sleeps." . . .

The parish churches of England, with their neat, tasteful, and often elegant parsonages, constitute a prominent feature, and are a charm of the land. Few things strike a stranger with greater force, or make a more agreeable impression. The rural parsonages, almost invariably surrounded by tasteful and well-arranged gardens and shrubberies, are not unfrequently situated in park-like inclosures well wooded, and with a pretty drive through a shady avenue to the chief entrance. Not unfrequently, perhaps generally, the grounds of parsonages blend, as it were, with those of the church-yard, or by a gradual transition run into them. This peculiar feature is noticed by Wordsworth, and made the subject of one of his sweet sonnets:

"Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine,
And wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that domain where kindred friends
And neighbors rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night."*

Next morning our hospitable friend Miss S. sent us to the railroad station at Peakirk, about two miles distant. On taking our departure her words were so characteristically English that they are not unworthy of preservation. We knew that she drives a handsome brougham, but

* Sonnet on a Parsonage in Oxfordshire.

at the door we found a neat but much plainer vehicle. Leading us to our carriage she said, "I could have sent you in a handsomer conveyance, but it is the last day of harvest and all my people are very busy, and if we had sent the other carriage the man must have been dressed to make all things correspond, and it would have taken him so long to prepare that I trust you will excuse me for not taking so much time." We did it gladly, for this specimen of English honesty, consistency, and prudence well made up for the more elegant vehicle. Besides, the one we had conveyed us to our destination just as safely and as comfortably, and we came away well satisfied with the exhibition of Glington hospitality and English candor and good sense.

TALKERS.

BY THRACE TALMON.

IN this country, where there is less leisure and independence of care for the material part of life, there are fewer fine talkers than in Europe, the art of conversing well being in part a gift or a genius. We have our good talkers, however, and have had them since the stern, thoughtful beginnings of the Puritans.

In general, brilliant and effective conversation is the result of a gift highly cultivated by various knowledge, strengthened by deep and searching experience, and sharpened by attrition with society, as "iron sharpeneth iron." Who that has an ear for such music does not love to listen? What can more effectually move and influence the soul? By this we mean not so much long and highly-elaborated, talk like a mighty-going stream, as appropriate, scintillating, elevating, original, and, in the best sense, beautiful words, like a fountain with newly-recurring forms of manifestation, and ceasing when the observers tire.

A great gift is this of talking well; a greater to talk well and just enough. The conversation which fell from the lips of Fox, Burke, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, and other famous talkers of England, was of such interest that their favored listeners would sit entranced, while hour after hour flew by unnoted. Plentiful are the talkers whose talk at the best is but an inflection, who never know when to stop, and are so pleased with the sound of their own voice they seem to regret that they can not find time and listeners for further exercise of their elastic loquacity. What is vulgarly termed the "gift of gab" is a most unfortunate gift.

The art of talking well should be rightly cultivated like other arts or accomplishments. Youth

of both sexes at school ought to receive especial instruction to this specific object; whereas, too commonly students are more awkward in conversation than others. They can recite the grammars of various languages, read the classics, play the piano and other musical instruments, sing opera songs, dance, and do many other things belonging to modern educational training, and yet when called to talk with their seniors and superiors do not know what to say. Or, do they attempt to talk, they say what they ought not to say, and leave unsaid what they ought to say. This deficiency is often a characteristic of their mature life. How many do we meet in polite circles, in business places and elsewhere, who talk to little or no purpose! Talkers they may be, but the worst species of the genus.

Said Bonhours, "Silence is the virtue, or the best quality of the foolish." If one has wit or wisdom, or a happy blending of both, he should make an effort to communicate it by a speech adequate and appropriate. But let a person be found wanting any good degree of either he may imitate both by silence.

Small talk is a kind of small change in great use among ordinary talkers for all practical purposes, as also for unpractical purposes. Listen to a few individuals who always deal in this circulating medium as they meet in a private parlor, or at the dinner table. One tosses off some slight remark about the weather, another pursues the hackneyed theme with several thin and airy observations, a third links it to a trifling digression, which digression is carried briskly forward, up, down, and around, gathering more of the same sort till it is linked to some other relative digression. This talk will engross these people for hours, during which not one new, original, or truly-sensible observation worthy of being retained in the memory has been uttered. It is not unlike in quality the talk of the inexperienced woman when she attempted her first journey, "Bandbox, bundle, bag, umbrella; umbrella, bag, bundle, bandbox."

The conversation is the exponent of the mind. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Some minds spin their thoughts like tops, others move on adown the current of conversation majestically like full-laden ships, others shower brilliants like streaming meteors with an occasional lightning flash, yet others go on and on like a mule in a tread-mill, which never can stop till somebody puts a period to the action. A man talks best generally upon that subject which he best understands and in which he has centered strongest interest, provided he has not become a victim of morbid excitement upon that

subject. They who attempt to talk upon what they know little or nothing of are sure to be betrayed into blunders.

That conversation is most effective upon the mind of others which most perfectly interprets the true thoughts of the soul, be they ordinary or extraordinary. "The plain, unvarnished tale," artlessly related, like Wordsworth's "We are Seven," or like the stories of the Hebrews, is not less striking and interesting than the sublime and philosophical conversations of Socrates or other narration of the most profound and logical sentiments. The straightforward, honest relation of the humblest creature of the earth may have power to touch and influence the heart of the highest and most cultured. The mother and father who tell you of the death of their beloved child with faltering accents and ungrammatical speech, the orphan who talks of the lost parents in fragmentary reminiscences of the early scenes and treasured affection, the pilgrim in the land distant from that of his birth repeating his yearnings for kindred and home in the most broken dialect—these and many another are eloquent to wake responsive emotion in the hearts of those listeners who are endowed with the beautiful sympathy of appreciation of whatever is true to the honest revelations of nature.

Men great in action are often silent in company. Their innate power impels them in other direction than the tongue. This is equally true of those eminent in departments of dynamics. The great inventors of the patent inventions in the dictionary of mechanics were not talkers. The men who invented logarithms, the orrery, the cotton gin, and the steamboat could not have been distinguished as conversationalists. Their brains were too thoroughly adapted to silent study for the full development of language. If they talked it was but to subserve other aims than mere conversation for its own brilliancy and power.

Authors are oftenest found to be silent people, save on certain rare and peculiarly-favorable occasions. Milton had no gift for conversation. Butler was "sullen or biting." Dante was silent or satirical. Swift was *distracted* in company. The Countess of Pembroke told Chaucer that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation. The learned Junius could scarcely speak upon the most ordinary topics, so great was his natural diffidence. Descartes, Thomas, Corneille, and Southey were stiff and taciturn in mixed company.

There are, however, many exceptions to this general rule. Every reader recalls the names of Johnson, Coleridge, Bentley, Leigh Hunt,

Carlyle, and other authors who were brilliant and highly effective in conversation. Mr. Griswold remarks of the conversation of Edgar Poe that it was at times almost supermortal in its eloquence. Margaret Fuller was called "the best talker since De Stael."

There are various styles of conversation peculiar to different people, each and all interesting to the listener who has an ear for the music of the tongue. Some people link their observations to those of others by such general expressions as, "indeed!" "O, yes," "is it possible!" "very true," "just so," "exactly," etc., with a kind of bland suavity peculiar to certain organizations. Often these talkers use several of these and kindred forms of assent at one pause, as if scarcely willing to be thought silent for a moment lest they convey the impression of a want of interest in the other speaker.

Again, others are wholly destitute of such gentle connectives in the intervals of observation. Direct they are, abruptly putting interrogations and making square observations, or wholly silent, using to advantage the rhetoric of the eyes. There is the scintillating, epigrammatic talk which flies about the listener like a rocket. The best example of this class of talkers now living in the United States is the celebrated statesman whose scraps of wit we find reported frequently in the newspapers. He has a combination of look, gesture, and thought wholly indescribable.

Take the conversation of one of our celebrated authors. In the first place, the person under consideration will discover what topic the other best understands. From this the author will extract every particle of desirable information in possession. The other is interested, talks volubly, and thinks for the time he has gained the celebrated person's opinions; but on reflection he finds only an expression of his own, with just enough of the author's to easily draw him out. This man, like Napoleon I, gets every thing from others without imparting a single opinion of his own. He stores away inestimable quantities and qualities of information, and knows almost every thing. We say of him as the writ from the king's bench, which intends to convey that the defendant is in a state of concealment, "He lurks." This was sometimes the habit of Johnson, Locke, and Walter Scott.

Here is another example—a man who has gradually dropped his faith in the Bible and every thing but human reason. He is always talking upon his favorite topic as though ever striving but never coming to a full and perfect understanding with himself and others. Whatever theme you start he contrives some allusion;

direct or circuitous, to his favorite subject; and the more you do not want to hear the more he wants to talk.

Converse with one of our most prominent judges of jurisprudence. His opinions are uttered oracularly. His words are chosen with adaptation to sense rather than sound, and his sentences are all fitted together like the most perfect mosaic. He quotes only the ablest and soundest authorities. His purpose is to instruct and convince rather than to electrify or amuse. If you inquire concerning some of his eminent associates he describes them not with the glowing silver pictures of a prose-poet, but with that dispassionate, correct judgment based upon a long and thorough acquaintance with their real lives. He makes you understand what they are, what they were, and what position they will probably hold in the future.

Take a celebrated merchant whose name is a watchword in mercantile circles. He talks well upon his favorite topics. He tells you how he began in life with nothing, how he got along through this and that, omitting none of the homeliest features of his experience, and how he is now what he is. He can tell you how every other of his wealthy friends over the country have made their rise in the world. In business conversation he is a perfect Freedley Treatise, using all the terms peculiar to stock and exchange. He idolizes Rothschild and the memory of Girard and Astor. His intimate friends are like himself. He exhibits to you his horses, hounds, gardens, lands, houses, and vineyards with an air whose language is, "My might and the power of my hands have gotten me this victory." He tells you of his tour in the old world, makes some mistakes unconsciously, but on the whole has picked up a great variety of information, and is a man of far more than ordinary caliber. He is one of the representative men of America, and his conversation is in perfect tone therewith.

Here is another man who talks in monosyllables, with the air "*le roi s'avisera*," a royal way of making it appear that he shall take time to consider before committing himself. Another will begin upon any unimportant topic and hold his auditor through all the long and laborious details of "he said," and "she said," "says I," "says he," "well, now do n't you think," and the like, giving just the time, place, and circumstances of how it all happened, and bringing up for breath with a relay to go over nearly the same thing anew.

The young collegian talks about the old professor or the president, quotes Latin with the utmost coolness, twirling his mustache and picking

the figures of the carpet with his slender cane if young ladies chance to be present, and hints mysteriously at certain adventures about the college premises in which his wit circumvented the whole faculty. The man who affects to know more than all the rest of the world in general and present company in particular, uses pompous, unusual, and obscure words, like Virgil's Sybil uttering "fearful oracles of dubious import, blending truth with obscurity." He delights in saying things which no one but himself can understand, and which he has previously taken the utmost care to gather from various extraordinary sources.

Converse with one of the finest women in the country, who has visited every capital in Europe, and divides her home residence between Washington and a southern city. If you are one of her friends she talks with unequaled interest; if not, she is absent. She has her favorite hobbies—one is the Society for the Universal Diffusion of Knowledge, the other her Church. Concerning both she talks well, for she is intellectual and religious. Her original family were one of the best, but of this she never boasts. Nor does she quote "my husband," who is one of the leading men of the time, nor "my son," who is of high position and influence. But she quietly tells you that one of her family is the author of such a book with a consciousness not at all unbecoming.

A lady of inferior mind, who is proud of wealth acquired suddenly, lifting her from great obscurity to apparent rank with the upper circles of society, will talk about such and such people not being fit to touch with her riding whip; coolly talks of "my house," "my servants," and "my carriage," boasts of the cost of her dresses and jewelry, and enlarges upon what she is about to do or to have.

The young mother who is compelled to devote her care and thought to the nursery talks of "baby's" cutting his teeth, his first exhibitions of human depravity, and of the best prescriptions for infantile ails. If two young ladies talk apart in whispers, the topic concerns the beaux, in the majority of instances.

Old ladies talk oftenest of the times when they were young; when people did not do as now; when the night and sleep commenced at nine o'clock and the morning at five; when people went to meeting to hear the minister; when young folks said "yes, ma'am" and "yes, sir," and had manners generally; when the spinning-wheel made music instead of the piano, and when the world stood still long enough for one to live a rational, reasonable life.

"For there are many unruly and vain talk-

ers," says Paul. Not less are these to be found since his day on the earth. Many of the young are fascinated by such speech, to which they attach an idea of superiority or piquant brilliancy. All conversation is more or less contagious; consequently, persons soon come to talk like those to whom they listen with interest. A great responsibility is, therefore, resting upon those professing godliness, so to speak before others, and particularly before the young and thoughtless, that they may be won to listen, not repelled, for thus they may be guided into the way of righteousness. Christian people should speak in love—that love which worketh no ill to the neighbor; and perverse indeed is the heart that will not listen. None should talk foolishly for the sake of being popular with foolish persons. We are amenable to God for every idle word. If when we rise in the morning we were told that we should never see another rising sun, what manner of persons would we be in all holy conversation and godliness! We should, therefore, live as though every day were certain to be our last, not being led away with the error of the wicked, or falling from the steadfastness of the truth.

It was but a single moment you stopped to talk with your friend to-day whom you met accidentally, but did you say nothing which was unworthy an heir of immortality? Was your influence on the side of the right? Or did you talk with a purpose to please the other at the sacrifice of your sense of Christian duty? You need not fear to give offense if your heart is full of love and kindness, although you drop a truth in the golden setting of Scripture to the most worldly. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

The pastor may accomplish as much good, and even far more, by his speech out of the pulpit as within it. He can not fully understand the influence of his daily walk and conversation. The infinite years of eternity will alone reveal it. The faithful Sabbath school teacher may divide the truth out of the class as well as within it, and this not by set word and phrase, but by that familiar language of a good and affectionate heart which seldom fails of a response. Ah! how fearfully true is it of all persons that the influence of their speech for good or evil is past all finite computation! Let us, then, seek so to live that we may realize the promise—which we may interpret in its modern acceptance—"To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of the Lord."

CONTINUITY IN ENDEAVOR.

BY J. D. BELL.

ASPIRATION takes its rise directly in the consciousness of capacity. It is a "divine hunger," a heroic unrest of the soul. It is that which would not let Themistocles sleep. It is that which made Thucydides, when but six years old, weep while Herodotus was reading historic narratives to the applauding Greeks at the Olympic Festival. It urges the man to action. It makes Themistocles become a second Miltiades, and Thucydides become a second Herodotus. It is utterly incompatible with indolence. It will not admit of any long and luxurious cessations from effort.

We should never, therefore, think of lounging except for brief and bright whiles. In the true life we are to be occupied less in celebrating victories than in winning them.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end and way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day."

Even classic leisure—the *otium cum dignitate*—is an illusion, so far as it is time entirely free from vigorous employment. The mind that knows, by experience, the glad health resulting from occupation, tends, in idleness, either to imbecility or to hypochondriac despondence. Such a mind is best refreshed by an interval of novel employment. Of all things idleness tires it the soonest and wastes it the most.

Retirement always proves illusory to those who have no intellectual habits adapting them for a solitary life. Few merchants that are not literary men could endure a perpetual release from business. Some writer speaks of a retired butcher who would regularly kill an animal for his own amusement.

When Charles Lamb had been, for thirty-three years, a clerk in the India-House, he was emancipated on a pension of four hundred and forty-one pounds a year. Writing to his friend Barton, soon after his release, he said, "My spirits are so tumultuary with the novelty of my recent emancipation, that I have scarce steadiness of hand, much more of mind, to compose a letter." But it was not long before his continued freedom had become burdensome to him. To find relief he used to take, as he says, "on an average, a fourteen miles' walk per day, with a sporting dog—Dash." Speaking of certain antiquarian studies, by which he amused his mind, he observes, "Men must have regular occupation that have been used to it."

It is reasonable to suppose that suicide is, in

numerous instances, the result of an unphilosophical suspension of customary intellectual activity. Much more is it reasonable to suppose that heroism itself, in numerous instances, has paid for a few years of leisure in many years of indolence and inebriety. Montaigne, it is said, once met a beggar, of whom, in answer to the usual application of the man for alms, Montaigne asked why he did not go to work: "O, but if you knew how lazy I am!" rejoined the beggar. The philosopher smiled and rewarded the mendicant for his honesty.

Do you not suppose Montaigne could see in that instance of impoverished and besotted laziness some lingering traces of a once noble intellect? So you have seen in a hundred wrecked men that have, from time to time, staggered by you in your native town, with their faces flushed from the effects of that fiery potion which unhumanizes humanity, like the glass and the wand by which the fabled Circe turned men into swine, the traces of former nobility, the remnants of ruined manhood!

Not all the beggars whom you meet have always been beggars. Talent and genius themselves are liable to become mendicant and vagrant. Should you talk more freely with the ragged wanderers who come to your door, methinks you would find that some of them have read the classics, and that many of them understand history better than you do.

I renounce the question, whether or not the larger number of those to whom we give alms are already richer than many of their willing donors. I suspect that but few of them are not able to see when they were aspiring and manly. In some period of richness, of leisure, or of dissipation, they lost their love of employment, their passion for more life. They have passed through successive stages of idleness and vicious indulgence, each lower than the preceding one. Fallen creatures they now are, whose bosoms no more throb with the desire of respectability. Do you think they would lay up money? They are too indolent to become rich. Misers are workers; but do these mendicants work? If they should gather a surplus, would they not discontinue for some days their vagabond roving, and eat, and drink, and sleep till that surplus should be gone?

No man who is too lazy to work for money will let himself become rich. Hence you should not think that many a listless mendicant has his bank-stock. Nor should you put Montaigne's question to the beggar. Study the man in the light of philosophy. Place your dime in his hand. Draw out of him something in regard to his youth and early manhood. See if he did not once have the spirit of a man. Do not tell him

that it would be well if he would go to work. You should know that without aspiration and energy he is far better fitted to beg than to work. But try to awaken in him a desire to become a man. Remind him of the higher possibilities of the soul. Speak to him of God, of immortality, and of great men. Cause him to sigh for respectability and nobleness. So do and the mendicant may leave your door with the resolution to commence a better life.

Mackenzie gives an amusing account of a beggar who went about as a fortune-teller. The man was persuaded to let his donor know something of his profession. "I had," said he, "the humor of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must do as we can; and *lying* is, as you call it, my profession. But I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I once dealt in telling the truth. I was a laborer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live. . . . But I was brought to my idleness by degrees; sickness first disabled me, and it went against my stomach to work ever after."

~ It may seem strange, but it is not less true, that the literary world itself has had its men of fame, who, even after acquiring distinction as scholars, approached nearer to the idleness and beggary resulting from discontinued endeavor. From the state of dissoluteness into which they had lapsed they found it extremely difficult to rise again and become masters. We may, perhaps, justly say that they never completely regained the aspiration and force which were lost in their intellectual apostasy.

The gifted Coleridge gave to opium and indolence years in which he might have poured transcendent light on the race. He knew and confessed his want of continuity in endeavor. "I have prayed," said he, "with drops of agony on my brow; trembling not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents; what hast thou done with them?'" At another time he affirmed that "he was beset with the most wretched and unmeaning reluctance and shrinking from action."

Thomas De Quincey is also an instance illustrating the difficulty of recovering that force or temper which the intellect loses by irregularity and dissipation. He early became distinguished as a Greek scholar. His "*Archididascalus*" used to try to stick him in Sophocles, and, therefore, conned the lessons before the hour of recitation. But though only about fifteen years old, he himself would not condescend to open the book till it was time to recite, and then he would read with ease the most difficult passages. "That

boy," said his master to a friend, "could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one."

This young man, possessing an intellect so "superb in its analytic functions," took it into his head that he would run away from his four guardians and his "Archididascalus," whom he did not like, and see something of the world. He went first to north Wales. His money was soon gone, but he contrived to get to London. While there he roamed by day about the city, and at night slept in an old empty house, where he had a little forlorn girl for company. He says that "his sleep was never more than what is called dog-sleep; so that he could hear himself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to him, awakened suddenly by his own voice." He became sad and beggar-like. Indeed, he almost starved. A street-walker named Ann befriended him and saved his life. Of her he afterward elegantly and touchingly wrote, "O, youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places and thinking of thee, with grief of heart and perfect love—how often have I wished that, as in ancient times, the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfillment; even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given it from above to chase, to haunt, to waylay, to overtake, to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or, if it were possible, into the darkness of the grave, there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!"

Mr. De Quincey was at length rescued from his irregular course of life in the metropolis, and he again found himself in elevated society and engaged in intellectual pursuits. But you will observe how easy to him it seems to have been, ever afterward, to break the continuity of high endeavor and fall into a state of Epicurean dissipation.

Like Coleridge he became an excessive opium-eater. He first took the drug, under the advice of a college acquaintance, as a relief from toothache and certain rheumatic pains of the head. He found it, as he says, "a *φάρμακον πανθεν* for all human woes." "Happiness might now be bought for a penny and carried in the waistcoat pocket; portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint-bottle, and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach."

In his opium-days he went to hear Grassini at the theater. The exhilaration produced by the drug being heightened by the effect of the music, was agreeable beyond description. "All this,"

says he, "was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women—for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians—and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld, the traveler, lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women."

On page eighty-two of his "Confessions" he thus eloquently eulogizes his favorite and darling drug: "Thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and from the 'anarchy of dreaming sleep' callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the 'dishonors of the grave.' Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium!"

But De Quincey became at length less a *diletante* eater of opium than an eater of it by necessity. He was attacked by an appalling irritation of the stomach. Now began his terrors—terrors resulting from the creative power of the eye, and terrors of gloomy dreams. He would awake from sleep in struggles. Once he cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!"

He found that the drug was stupefying and destroying him. He, therefore, descended from the height which he had reached, of eight thousand drops of opium a day, and allowed himself only three hundred, and then only one hundred and sixty. His irritability was now very great. He tells us that "he could not stand still or sit for two minutes together."

Consider what a sad interruption of manly habits must needs have resulted from such indulgence as this. We well know that De Quincey is, as Mr. Trench has called him, "a master of English prose." We know the fascination of his opulent style. We have lingered on the beautiful and sublime passages which adorn the pages of his "Confessions" and his "Suspiria." But what reader of his numerous works is unable to perceive in them the mournful indications of his inability to accomplish a mission of greatness?

Do you see, now, the importance of continuity in earnest and lofty endeavor? Do you see what it is to have "a smack of Hamlet?" Let not talent and genius go down for a long stay in the valleys of Epicurean pleasure and rest! Let them rise from strength to strength, from eminence to eminence, only to rise still higher!

The currents of genuine life stagnate when

repose is become sweeter than activity, and when luxurious enjoyment is made a pursuit. You can not eat, drink, and be merry for many days without hazarding, to some extent, the spirit of manhood. Heroism, like light, depends on vibration. Do you not see how all living creatures are, by their unremitting tendency to add breath to breath, being to being, kept from speedy decay? Are not yonder plants and animals the more long-lived, by as much as they are, in their way, the better heroes? When the tempest-scarred oak loses its yearnings for more life, does not its pellucid blood give up its pulse, and does not the once lightning-defying tree become a sneak of the forest? As with oaks, so with men.

Here will occur to you the mistake of Alexander of Macedon. He should have better reasoned on that question of conquering the world. Then, it is proper to suppose that he would not have suffered the heroism which had carried him through a hundred stormy battles to ebb away in a fatal swoop of debauchery. Too many men have died, devoured by ennui, because, like Alexander, they one day ceased from living and began dissolutely to exist. The end of their career was gratification and swift decay. Many a successful inventor has sunk in indolence after his first invention, and many a successful author has breathed his last heroic breath over his first work. And there have been triumphant bookworms, whose highest aim at college was to win the honors of a valedictorian; and they have in weakness crawled to obscure graves!

Ever is the true man aspiring and active. If he rests from pursuit it is only for a brief time, and for recreation. He knows that occupation and progress are indispensable to healthful life. He prides himself on no amount of native genius, because it allows him long seasons of leisure and repose. "Man's heart," observed a certain prince from whom Gotthold quotes, "is like a millstone; pour in corn, and round it goes, bruising, and grinding, and converting it into flour; whereas, give it no corn, and the stone indeed turns round, but only grinds itself away, and becomes ever thinner, and smaller, and narrower."

THE MINISTERING ONES OF EARTH.

BY OLLIE ALLSTON.

WORDS of inspiration tell us that the angels are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation;" and every Christian acknowledges the truth of this beautiful declaration; but these are spiritual ministers—we do not see them, we can not feel them, we are not able to hear them; yet we

know that every word of holy writ is truth, and we know, also, that many a wandering one has been reclaimed by the thought that a mother's spirit is hovering around, waiting to lead the wanderer back to the paths of truth and purity. We feel that all this is true, and often the grief of those mourning for dear ones gone before is lessened by the thought that their holy spirits are still watching over and guarding their earthly friends, though their bodies may be crumbling in the tomb.

But we have other ministering spirits than these on earth—the dear little children who cluster around our hearth-stones, and entwine themselves about our hearts, as the delicate tendrils of the ivy wind around the protecting and sheltering arms of the sturdy oak above them. Christ said that in order to be able to enter the kingdom of heaven we must all become as little children, because he knew that no where on earth could be found that purity of thought and beautiful faith so heavenly in their nature but in the heart of a little child. Could he have given us a better example? Wise and great men may argue, contend, or dispute to convince each other of some truth, and yet how often do they fail! But who can withstand the endearing influence and winning ways of a little child? The dew of early morning most refreshes and benefits the summer blossoms; so the sweet, trusting confidence and sublime simplicity of childhood keep fresh the flowers of affection, and prevent the heart from becoming like the parched and sandy desert.

We have at our home a little sister of six summers, whose blue eyes and brown hair, with her gentle words and sunny smiles, have endeared her to all. She seems almost like one of those "spirits bright" we sing about, sent down to earth to fulfill some mission of love. Mrs. Stowe has beautifully illustrated the power of childlike purity and implicit submission in her character of little Eva in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, whose words of heavenly love seemed to light even the dark and benighted minds of those by whom she was surrounded; and we believe that there are many such children scattered over the earth whose starry crown, even if they leave this earth at an early age, will beam as brightly with the jewels of redeemed souls as those who bid farewell to earth later in life, and whose circle of influence has probably been much greater.

Let us take, then, the example which our Savior left us, and we can endeavor to obtain that which he said was so necessary to gain entrance into the better land, and to become one of those shining ones who live through endless ages a life of eternal blessedness.

UP THE HILL-SIDE.

BY SARAH FAUCETT.

ADOWN in the valley is strife;
Discord and darkness are in it;
Crowds in those midnight depths dreary
Go wandering blinded and weary;
But away from that mist-shrouded valley,
Away from the discord and strife,
The hill-side, the glory-crowned hill-side,
Leads upward to sunlight and life.

As the soul the long life struggle through
Is true to youth's holiest visions,
As the life-work wrought out in the real
Approaches the perfect ideal,
As the dream-buds expand to deed-blossoms,
As the soul to its mission is true,

The life-path ascendeth the hill-side
From the night to the day-break in view.

O! souls that in doubting and woe
Are groping adown in the valley,
Toiling way-weary and lonely
For phantoms and mocking-dreams only,
Yearning for something you know not,
A dream that you lost long ago;
There is sunlight and peace on the hill-side,
While you grope in the darkness below!

Is life but a feverish dream?
Is it living to walk in the valley
With the soul idly slumbering ever,
In the life-conflict laboring never?
Is it living to aimlessly wander?
To follow a meteor's gleam,
Blind to the lights on the hill-side,
Truth-beacons that over it beam?

Come up from the valley of night!
Come to the sunlight above you!
Break bigotry's fetters that bind you,
Leave the mists of old error behind you—
With soul from its slumber upspringing,
With eye on the far-shining light,
Press on up the glorious hill-side
In deed-steps to true life and light!

Higher, O spirit, still higher!
The air grows fresher and purer,
The light on the summit grows nearer,
And downward float sweeter and clearer
The songs of the brave band above us,
Cheering us on as we tire;

Listen! far up on the hill-side
They call us, they beckon us higher!

On, spirit, they beckon us on;
Souls who arose in great deed-steps,
Whose echoes far downward have floated,
And some who passed by us unnoted—
Toiling, and waiting, and trusting,
Their lives from the valley have gone,
And silently led up the hill-side
To the summit that almost is won.

We saw not their garments grow white,
We knew not the path they were treading;

They only felt that around them
The chains seemed falling that bound them,
That the air seemed purer, God nearer,
And the low, rugged pathway more bright;
Till their souls far away up the hill-side
Walk sorrow-baptized in the light.

Rise, spirit! unfaltering and free;
True to thy noblest aspirings,
Press on in the paths of the real,
Hand in hand with thy holy ideal;
Patiently, trustingly toiling,
Looking upward the sunlight to see;
Let this life shadow forth on the hill-side
The life in the future to be!

LOVE AND SORROW.

BY E. H. DEWART.

THE morn that broke on Eden's bowers
Saw beauty's brightest dream,
And swiftly flew the peaceful hours
When love was throned supreme.
No dark'ning grief o'erhung the breast,
And tears were all unknown,
Till man in evil hour transgress'd,
And sank by sin o'erthrown.
When sin at length had brought forth death,
And sorrow reigned below,
Love sadly sighed, for every breath
Bore tones of mortal woe.
O'er wounds of Sorrow's poisoned dart
Her tearful eyes she bent,
And wept o'er sufferings of the heart
She could no more prevent.
She wept until her grief grew calm,
Then mourned that grief was vain;
But saw with joy her tears, like balm,
Had soothed the sufferer's pain.
E'er since where Sorrow's blight is shed,
And wounded hearts appear,
Has gentle Love in pity fled,
And healed them with a tear.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY ABBIE A. BARTLETT.

TRUST in God, ye sick and sorrow-laden,
Bowed with grief, oppressed with care,
His arm shall give you strength to bear
Whatever burdens are your share.
Trust in God, fair youth and gentle maiden,
Ere yet life's bitter dregs ye taste,
His favor smiling heaven hath placed
Above earth's dark and dreary waste.
Trust in God, whate'er thy time of day—
When morning pours its ruddy light,
When noontide rays are silver bright,
Or gathering gloom bespeaks the night.
Trust in God, wherever leads thy way,
O'er mountain high, in hidden cave,
Or on the ocean's briny wave,
O, trust in him to guide and save.

OUR OUT-STATION, THE PEACH-FARM MISSION.

BY REV. R. S. MACLAY,
MISSIONARY AT FUN-CHAU, CHINA.

(CONCLUDED.)

ONE beautiful Sabbath, after the conclusion of our public services at the "Peach-Farm," we went out with the brethren to make some pastoral visits. Our first call was upon an old man who had once expressed an interest in the Gospel message, but who now was confined to his bed by sickness. We found him very low, and unable to converse or even to think consecutively on any subject. He seemed stupefied by the conviction that he could not get well. To all our questions and remarks his constant reply was, "I am old, I am dying of old age. The fortune-teller says the turning of the spring will decide my fate." I tried to arrest his attention in various ways, but in vain. He turned his face toward the wall and groaned out his melancholy refrain—"I am old, I am dying of old age." After a few minutes he turned himself on the couch, and, fixing on me his dull, leaden eye, asked, "Who are you?"

"It is the foreign missionary," said one of the brethren; "he has come to see you and tell you about Jesus and heaven."

"Yes," I added, "I have come to tell you about a wonderful Savior and a glorious home in the skies."

He looked earnestly into my face as though he wished me to go on, but in a moment his mind again wandered, and, shaking his head, he sighed, "No, no, it is of no use—too late, too late!" and then continued muttering to himself in a low, indistinct tone of voice, "too late!" O, what saddened thoughts and reminiscences were startled by the sound of those words! But we must not linger here. Finding it impossible to converse with him we tried to commend him to God, and then with heavy hearts turned away to other scenes and duties.

A five minutes' walk brought us in sight of the house of a man notorious throughout the valley as the ringleader in all wickedness. The man had attended our services in the forenoon of that day, and, though he listened respectfully to all that was said, the contemptuous sneer on his countenance and his jeering remarks when he left the place indicated the character of his thoughts, and showed but too plainly that a deeply-rooted hostility to the Gospel rankled in his heart. We now approached his dwelling with some trepidation, and many misgivings as to the result of our visit. On entering the little inclosure in front of his house we found him

surrounded by his wild companions. He rose to receive us with an air of flippant confidence, though it was evident that he felt embarrassed by our visit. After interchanging the customary salutations we proceeded at once to speak of the Gospel.

"I have heard my neighbors talk about these doctrines," he replied, "but they do n't suit me. They are too profound. I am a rough, ignorant man, unacquainted with letters, and can never arrive at their meaning."

"And what do you think of your idols?" I inquired, changing the subject.

"I do n't care any thing about them," he replied.

"Can they protect or help you in any way?" I proceeded.

"No," he rejoined, "all things are decreed by fate."

"And what is this fate that decrees all things?" I asked.

"I can not tell," he replied, "all I know is that there must be a power superior to man that controls and governs the universe."

It was now sufficiently apparent that the person before us was a man of no ordinary ability and shrewdness. Pleased with the vigor of his thoughts, and wishing to hear him speak farther on this topic, I said, "What evidence have you that there is a power such as you have referred to?"

"Plenty of evidence," he replied; "you can find it every-where—in the heavens and on the earth," and then expatiated for some time on the subject.

"And does this power concern itself with the affairs of men?" I asked.

"Not at all," he replied; "it dwells in resplendent glory and perfect bliss. Why should it trouble itself about such miserable beings as we are? We are too insignificant to attract its notice."

At this point I interposed some remarks on the love of God as exhibited in the gift of his Son to die for sinners.

"Yes," joined in one of the brethren, "Jesus now pardons and receives sinners."

"And who is this Jesus," he fiercely retorted, "who goes about granting pardon to every rebel that asks him for it, thus thwarting the demands of justice, degrading the law of heaven, and throwing every thing into confusion?"

This gave me an excellent opportunity to dwell at some length on the character of Christ as mediator between God and man, and to state as clearly as I could the conditions on which he is willing to receive and pardon the guilty. Apparently satisfied he now changed his ground

and asked, "But where is Jesus? I can not see him; consequently, I do not believe there is such a being."

"Did you ever see the Emperor of China?" I quietly inquired.

A general laugh from the company anticipated his reply, and showed him that even they could now detect the fallacy of his argument. Availing myself of the advantage thus obtained I turned to more practical subjects, and tried to give him some idea of his own sinfulness in the sight of God. He surprised me by promptly responding, "What you say is true; I am a sinner; I know it, and I am neither afraid nor ashamed to confess it."

He uttered these words with such earnestness and apparent sincerity that for a moment it seemed as though the Holy Ghost would bring him right to the Savior; but a change soon came over him, and, resuming his former reckless manner, he parried all my appeals by pleading ignorance, old age, and the power of habit.

"Will you allow me to pray with you?" I asked, as we were about to leave.

"Thank you," he replied, "I'd rather not."

Warmed by our long conversation, and feeling a deep interest in his case, I ventured to urge the point, but he steadily refused, and, finding that my earnestness made him nervous, I desisted. He accompanied us to the front of his premises, invited us to call again, and then bade us a pleasant good-by. "Blessed are they who sow beside all waters," I recited to myself as we walked slowly away from this den of wickedness.

After a brief interval of rest we started for our third call. In a retired cove on the side of the mountain stands a solitary farm-house. One portion of it is occupied by a farmer with his wife and children, the other part by a lone widow who had just been baptized and admitted to the Christian Church. As we approached the house it seemed as though a sacred atmosphere surrounded the place; every thing was so quiet and the scenery was so grand and impressive that I could scarcely believe myself in heathen China. Entering the dwelling, our good sister met us with a cordial welcome. It was truly delightful to listen to her simple experience, to tell her of the way of salvation, and to join with her in prayer. The farmer we found favorably disposed toward Christianity, but the observance of the Sabbath and the fear of his heathen landlord deterred him from making a public profession of his faith. We had a long and serious conversation with him on these topics, and I felt a strong impression that he was not far from the kingdom of God. Night was closing in as we

returned to the house where I stopped during these visits, and after spending an hour or so in religious exercises with the family and a few of the neighbors who came in, we retired to sleep, thankful to God for granting us the privilege of spending such a day at the "Peach-Farm."

The fruit of these labors began to appear in due time. Two of the heathen members of the family where we stopped gradually ceased to oppose the Gospel, and, after casting away their idols, began to prepare themselves for baptism. The exorcist who, Balaam-like, had been sent for on a former occasion to propitiate the idols and curse the people of God, publicly abandons his practices and begins to attend our religious services with a view to embracing Christianity. The farmer could not rest in his heathenism, and at last avowed himself a believer of the Christian doctrines. This step cost him a severe struggle. Being naturally of a timid disposition, his heathen neighbors sought to frighten him from his purpose to become a Christian. The stories of old persecutions against the Jesuits were revived, and he was told that if he embraced Christianity he must expect stripes and imprisonment, and perhaps the loss of life. These stories troubled him for a time, but, finding that even in the capital city of the province Christianity was publicly professed and preached by the Chinese, his fears subsided. His landlord then intimated to him that he did not wish a Christian for his tenant; but by this time our inquirer had grown courageous, and the landlord's displeasure seemed a very small thing to him. Finding his opposition ineffectual, and fearing he might lose a good tenant, the landlord sent for the farmer, and, having ascertained from his own lips that he was determined to become a Christian, said to him,

"I shall not oppose you any further, and I wish you still to remain on my farm; but henceforth you must not enter my house. Whenever you wish to see me come to the front gate and call my name, but do not cross the threshold lest my idols run away."

The farmer told him it was very strange the idols were so much afraid of Jesus, whereas Jesus was not at all afraid of the idols; however, he promised to obey the landlord's instructions. On Sunday, August 21, 1859, the farmer and his wife, together with the exorcist and two others, were admitted by baptism into the communion and fellowship of the Christian Church, thus increasing the class at the Peach-Farm to twelve members.

The foregoing sketch shows that the life and labors of the minister of Christ preserve everywhere a wonderful identity. It matters little

where his field of labor may be—whether among the ice-glaciers of the north or the isles of the south; among the broad prairies of the west or in the old storied lands of the east, his work in all its prominent outlines and features is ever the same. The great wants of humanity are not essentially modified by degrees of latitude or longitude; the text of the Gospel message has been settled by Infinite Wisdom, and the leading appliances to be employed for its propagation are indicated by the same high authority.

HOME TRUTHS.

BY SHEELAH.

WE were assembled on the veranda one soft summer's evening. Henry had returned from uncle Albert's, where he had been spending a few days, and we were interested in the little items of news he was communicating.

Among the rest he mentioned Miss Morton, who had taken up her abode at uncle's, and the general attention soon became directed to this young lady's case. Her father had lately died, leaving his family entirely without provision, and were it not for friends who kindly came forward to their aid, the widow and orphans must have been reduced to absolute want. Their house was necessarily given up, and uncle Albert thought he was only doing an ordinary act of kindness when he invited one of the orphans to make his house her permanent home. The story had been gone over, and the unfortunate family received their share of sympathy from our little group when grandma observed,

"Albert has done right; he will be no poorer for his hospitality; but I should be better pleased with the young lady if she displayed sufficient self-respect to prefer earning her own livelihood."

"Yes," said my father, "but you know, mother, there are but few ways open in which ladies can find profitable occupation. The principal resort for ladies of ordinary talent is teaching, and even for that they are not all fully qualified. Indeed, I have known some quite incompetent to impart knowledge, though having been themselves fully instructed."

"True," she replied, "all are not gifted alike; and I have often observed with concern how many were engaged in the responsible duty of cultivating young intellects who were quite insufficient for the task; but yet it is sad in a country like this, where industry is so well rewarded, to see a healthy and intelligent girl eating the bread of dependence."

"O," said papa, "for those who will have recourse to industrial pursuits there are many

open doors; but you must remember, mother, how easy it is even in our own republican land to lose caste."

Grandma made no reply; her hands, which had been engaged in knitting, fell into her lap, and her eyes became fixed on vacancy. We knew some vision of former days had risen before her, and waited in respectful silence till she should break the pause. Presently a soft smile appeared on her dear features, and turning her eyes on papa while she resumed her knitting,

"I heard your last remark, son," she said, "and am conscious of its truth. However anomalous it may seem in a nation whose sovereign is the people, it must be admitted that that false system of dishonoring labor has gained much ground among us; yet are there some with courage and good sense to brave the decrees of fashion, and they invariably command an amount of respect to which the poor, idle votary of caste must ever be a stranger. Just such a one I knew once, and while you were speaking her firm character was presented to my mind as an illustration of the true greatness of suiting ourselves to circumstances, and taking advantage of that talent, however mediocre it may appear, with which we find ourselves endowed."

By a simultaneous movement we gathered round the arm-chair, and grandma, smiling at our eagerness, cheerfully acceded to my father's request that she would favor us with the particulars to which she had alluded.

"The lady," she commenced, "whose history I am about to narrate was well known to me in her fresh, young girlhood, when her father was a proud and prosperous man, and her social position was as good as my own.

"Mary was a bright and happy creature, with a large share of personal beauty and an exuberance of health and spirits. She never loved books; music or drawing had no charms for her; but she found ample delight in cultivating a taste for the ornamental, which she possessed in a more than common degree. From a child her active fingers were ever manufacturing elegant articles of costume, and her dolls were the envy of all the little girls of her acquaintance.

"The eldest daughter of a wealthy house, with every prospect of a bright future before her, yet Mary had no more than gained her twentieth year when house and lands had passed away, and her father had sunk into an untimely grave. Her mother was a woman of deep piety, who bore her severe bereavement with gentle resignation; but she possessed no worldly wisdom, her character had not strength to meet trying con-

tingencies, and on her daughter, therefore, devolved the whole weight of care which their adverse circumstances engendered. But the reins had not fallen into feeble hands; for, though Mary possessed not remarkable talent, yet she was plentifully endowed with sense, energy, and independence, and withal a boundless affection for her pious mother, now tenfold more dear in her bereavement and adversity; and the tact with which the small remnants of their property were gathered together after every demand had been cheerfully satisfied, and the necessary arrangements made for the removal of the family from their spacious mansion to a humble home, displayed the strong points in the maiden's character, and perfected the widow's confidence in her judgment and discretion.

"As it often happens in cases of fallen fortunes, the family soon found the number of their friends much reduced. Mary had, therefore, but few with whom to confer respecting her future plans, and her own careful deliberation on the subject was the more essential. That something must be done for the support of the family, and that she was the one to do it, was clearly apparent, but what that something should be was not so easy to determine. Many projects presented themselves to her mind, but there was only one which appeared feasible, and from which she had sanguine hopes of success, yet that one was of a character which precluded the chance that the adoption of it would be encouraged by her friends.

"The widow knew her daughter's perplexity, and felt her own incompetency to advise or direct; but there was one never-failing Friend to whom she could apply for guidance and instruction, and in whose wisdom she could safely trust. That one she sought in her chamber and pleaded with on her knees, and Mary would have been more happy if she had had faith to realize that her every act and even thought was ruled by a higher power in answer to her mother's prayers.

"The means of livelihood that had suggested itself to the mind of Mary as the one for which her capacity was the best adapted was the millinery business. She knew it was not an intellectual pursuit, but she understood it. She had practiced it for amusement when occasion did not require, and why not make it available to profit now in her emergency? She was not skilled in any higher art.

"And as to the trade not being respectable," she playfully observed when discussing the subject with her mother, "let you and I raise its respectability by attaching ourselves to it."

"Any thing is respectable, my child," was the

meek response, "in the pursuit of which we can be good and happy."

"Mary was desirous that her plan should be put into execution without delay before their small funds should be exhausted; but ere taking a decisive step there was one friend whose counsel she must seek—the amiable and intelligent wife of her good pastor.

"Mrs. Carson had had much experience of life. Taking an active interest, as she had ever done, in her husband's flock, she had obtained much insight into human nature, and with the world's ways and usages she had become familiar. She heard Mary's project without either surprise or disapprobation, but she doubted if the young girl was aware of the extent of the proposed undertaking.

"I must speak to you plainly, my dear," she said in her blandest tones, taking Mary's hand within hers. "You know that failures in business are common occurrences even among those who are well acquainted with trade, whereas you have no experience in that line."

"I know it," said Mary; "but are not the failures of merchants generally attributable to imprudence? They either live beyond their means, involve themselves in speculations, or incur debts which they allow to accumulate. Now, into none of these errors should I fall. However small the stock I commence with, it shall be paid for, and I shall take care that my expenditures are always under my profits. This is my plan; whether I am to be favored with success has to be tried, but I do not think there is any danger of failure. Besides, while creeping along in a humble way my business education will be progressing, and I shall not long continue as ignorant as I now am."

"Your calculations are just," replied her friend, "I need say no more to you on that subject; but have you considered the difference this course will make in your worldly position?"

"O, yes, ma'am," was the cheerful answer. "I know I shall have to give up fashionable society; but you know mother never cared for that, and if I can keep her comfortable I shall be repaid."

"The good lady smiled with admiration at the unselfish nature of the maiden, whose only concern was in her mother's behalf, and increasingly anxious to warn her of every disagreeable circumstance she would have to brave, again spoke:

"It is not only the loss of fashionable society, dear Mary, but of that of acquaintances and even friends this business will deprive you. They will not visit you in a millinery store. They may patronize you and admire your cour-

age and independence, but their intercourse with you and yours with them will no longer be conducted on equality.'

"For all that I am prepared," was still the imperturbable reply. 'Mother's friends are mostly in the Church, where conventional rules are not followed, so that *her* social enjoyment will not suffer by the change; and as for me I shall have no wish to retain the intimacy of those whose minds are so differently constructed from my own.'

"Mrs. Carson was satisfied. The smiling girl before her was possessed of a mind strong enough to do right and brave consequences; she, therefore, gave her full sanction to the contemplated movement, and, after a long and pleasant conversation, Mary returned home in high spirits to report to her mother the encouragement she had received."

"But, grandma," inquired Gertrude, "was there really nothing that Mary could do in a more genteel way? Could she not have opened a school?"

"No, my love, Mary was too honest to undertake that for which she was not competent. I have before mentioned that Mary was not fond of study; her education was, therefore, incomplete."

"Well, grandma, you know Mrs. Howard. I have heard it said that her education was quite deficient, and yet she kept a large and fashionable boarding school till she made enough money to retire on."

"True, love, but Mrs. Howard's case was an exception. Her talent lay in the art of government. Had her husband been a monarch, at his death she could have taken the reins of sovereignty into her own hands and guided the affairs of state with skill and ability. It was not, therefore, in *teaching* but in *governing* that Mrs. Howard excelled. She had all the requisites of judgment, dignity, and spirit to organize and maintain the system and discipline of a large establishment, while the coöperation of the best and most successful instructors was easily procured."

"But the qualifications for such a sphere of action as this were not possessed by our Mary, and she knew it. It would be well if many knew as much. There would be fewer failures if there were less temerity in undertaking responsibilities for which the proper ability is lacking."

"Mary had more than once visited New York during her father's lifetime; it was, therefore, not quite as a stranger that she trod its streets in search of a suitable store for her humble commencement. Yet was it not till after several

days that she succeeded in finding one which accorded with her views. But her chief trouble was that the change from her sweet country home to the pent-up walls of the city should be sensibly felt by her mother. Dear girl! during all that trying time I believe there was not one thought of self. And her mother knew that; and, however strong the contrast between her new abode and that of former days, yet her duteous and heroic daughter was with her still, and every corner of her dingy little dwelling was lighted by her presence, and cheered with her sweet and amiable temper."

"Mary, you are aware, had no knowledge whatever of trade when she opened her little store, but she had determined, as the best chance of success, to commence with the smallest possible outlay. She therefore purchased a few remnants of such light materials as milliners use, from which she made a few bonnets and caps, exercising her best skill in their construction. These she arranged with as much display as possible in the window, then, seating herself behind the counter, proceeded merrily with the same employ. But I do not suppose Mary got on so fast now, for her eyes were every moment lifted to the window to survey her pretty millinery, and twenty times during an hour did she rise to change the position of one or other of the articles."

"At length—O, joy!—a lady entered; but she merely glanced round, muttered, 'Only what's in the window!' and went out. Hope subsided again. Another half hour and another lady. This one advanced, exclaiming, 'New store!' asked Mary when she had come and what success she expected, priced each article in the window, and, with some flippant remark, withdrew."

"Mary laughed. 'By the life of Pharaoh, ye are all spies,' she exclaimed; 'to see the nakedness of the land are ye come.'

"But now her attention was attracted by a new arrival. It was a little girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years. Her little figure was scantily clad, and her small, pale face bore traces of tears. She had entered the store hastily, but suddenly stopped, and now stood irresolute, her eyes timidly lifted to the young milliner's face."

"Come in, my little friend," said Mary, "and tell me what you want."

"The child was encouraged, and stepping forward made known her simple errand, while tears kept moistening her soft blue eyes. She wanted a black bonnet, a cheap one, for her mother. Her father was dead, and—and—the tears had burst forth now. But Mary understood it all,

and her sympathies were awakened for the little stranger.

"O, yes, my dear!" she exclaimed, 'you shall have a bonnet. I'll make you one.'

"But, ma'am, the price," sobbed the child, and opening her hand she displayed two and a half dollars; 'that's all the money I've got,' she said mournfully, 'and I've tried ever so many stores, but they could n't give me a bonnet for so little.'

"O, well, I'll make you one," was the quick answer; 'but put up your money, you must not pay for it till you get it.'

"The child's mind being now easy respecting her desired purchase, she became sufficiently composed to answer a few kind questions; so Mary learned that her father had died the night previous, leaving his little family no inheritance but poverty; that an uncle, almost as poor as themselves, had undertaken the expenses of the funeral, which would take place on the following day; and that the small sum of money in exchange for which the widow's bonnet had been sought was the fruit of the child's own industry, and had been saved for a very different purpose. Mary now asked the little stranger where she lived, and, thinking she had been full long from the mourners at home, kindly dismissed her.

"And this was the young milliner's first customer. It was no trouble to Mary to make that widow's bonnet, nor any expense either, for, as she said when talking of it to her mother, 'there are pieces left of our own mourning, so that I shall not have to buy, and it won't take much time nor leave me any poorer.'

"Meanwhile Mary's mother visited the house of death, and the deepest sympathies of her own bereaved heart were called forth by the scene of agonizing distress she witnessed there.

"It was one of those houses where the lowly dwell, two apartments of which was the whole habitation of the family of the dead. The outer room was filled by the kind neighbors and friends who had come to offer their well-meant condolence to the stricken widow, while she, seated by the bed which contained the remains of her lost husband, seemed in her tearful woe like her of old who 'would not be comforted.' A stranger need not question her of her history, for it was all told in her wild wail.

"He never thrated me worse nor I desarved!" she exclaimed with sobbing vehemence. 'Was n't I always tantin' an' tazin' him about the dhrup o' dhrink? But, O! if I had him back agin he might take his sup in comfort an' I'd never say him nay. Sure he was good and lovin', an' never riz his finger or opened his lips unkindly to me, barrin' I provoked him to it. O,

Jemmy, Jemmy!' she moaned, casting her hands toward the extended form, 'it's changed y'are, mavourneen avick, since yer poor Kate first rejoiced in yer love. But was n't I always fond an' proud o' you, darlint, even when I pertended to blame you? O, wirra, wirra! I crossed the salt says wud you, Jemmy, an' it's lonesome my poor heart is without you to-day.'

"And so with mournful cadence the plaintive dirge ran on. Vain was every effort to palliate the mourner's woe. The affectionate creature, who had long winced under the wrongs of a drunkard's wife, had already forgotten the faults and frailties of the dead, and, with the strong and clinging love of her sex, thought of him only as the husband of her youth, the father of her children, and the best loved of her true, unselfish heart.

"The little daughter had the sad pleasure of seeing her weeping mother attired in a humble garb of black to accompany her beloved in his last earthly journey. Her new friend had kept her promise, and a neat bonnet covered with crape was ready for the occasion; but it had no price—the little hand that contained the purchase money was put gently back.

"We must now return to the millinery store. Mary soon received abundant encouragement. Head-dresses of every description were sold as fast as she could make them; so that before the first week had expired she found it necessary to seek an assistant. She had from the first determined if she prospered to provide herself with the coöperation of a thorough business hand, that the deficiency in business tact which she felt in herself might be fully supplied. This arrangement was now made, and a young lady of taste and experience in the trade duly installed as forewoman. From her Mary learned that of which she was previously ignorant—the art of buying—and the materials for work were now procured at a considerable reduction from retail prices.

"A little longer and the store began to assume quite an important air. Hats and bonnets in every variety and to suit every purse were displayed around, added to which the shelves were furnished with gay boxes containing gloves, laces, handkerchiefs, ribbons, flowers, etc. In short, our friend was prospering—cautiously, prudently, but surely prospering.

"Mary was now able to place her young sister, ten years her junior, at a good school. It was the pride of Mary that this precious and only sister should be brought up as delicately as if no change had fallen upon her fortunes; she was, therefore, not required to enter the work-room or store, nor were her services needed in the house-

keeping, which was her good mother's department. The only duty which devolved upon her was the culture and embellishment of her mind, so as to fit herself for that society which her devoted sister had relinquished.

"I have now shown you how Mary's independent effort succeeded. Year after year found her business increased and her circumstances more and more easy. She lived apart from the world, and yet she was followed and sought after by some who admired her unconscious beauty and the brave and sterling qualities of her character. But our milliner never married. She would not leave her beloved mother, nor would she take that venerated parent to be a dependent in the house of a son-in-law. She always declared herself perfectly content with the companionship of her mother and sister. The self-constituted guardian of these dear ones, she had determined to form no other tie; and so she lived happier, I have often thought, in this sphere of usefulness than if she had inherited her father's proud estate and spent her time in idle ease.

"For twenty years our young friend conducted business, residing in the same house. Her mother then began to show signs of decay, and Mary, whose chief concern was the health of this her dearest earthly friend, determined to give her fresh air and a more liberal style of living. She accordingly procured a handsome house in a salubrious part of the city, which she furnished in the newest style, and thither she transported her household treasures. The widow shed tears of grateful happiness as she entered this elegant dwelling, provided for her comfort by her daughter's love; yet did the old lady feel a yearning attachment to that little humble house where she had passed so many quiet years, and where her heroic child had battled with the world and conquered.

"Mary still continued her business. True, she had saved a neat sum, with which she had made a judicious investment; but her heart was too generous and her hand too free to permit her laying by a sufficiency upon which to retire. She was not, however, obliged to confine herself to the business as she had done in earlier years. She had now a large number of employes commissioned with trust, and one, who was her own special deputy, I must mention more particularly.

"You remember the child for whose widowed mother our friend made a black bonnet on the first day of her business career. Of that child she never lost sight. As soon as the bereaved mother could be induced to part with her, she was taken in as an apprentice, and so very use-

ful did she soon become, and so devoted to the interests of her benefactress, that she appeared a living part of the establishment. Year after year rolled away, but Julia Byrne never sought another home. The onerous cares of a large and still growing trade she delighted to share. Her mistress reposed unbounded confidence in her faith and prudence, and now, after twenty years' acquaintance, Mary treated her as a friend and ally, resigning to her the full management, only subject to her own occasional visits and inspection.

"Two more years passed along, during which the cherished mother continued to fail. The best advice the city afforded was procured, and every expedient that skill could devise to prop the frail tabernacle was daily resorted to, but without permanent results. Her constitution had never been strong, and were it not for the tenderest and most loving care, she would have passed away years before. Even yet the duteous and affectionate daughter could not give her up.

"*'Let me go,'* the old lady would sometimes say, *'I'm only a burden to you, dearest; let me go.'*

"*'No, mother,'* was the reply in her usual playful tone, *'when I was a baby I had several attacks which threatened my life and you would n't let me go; now I'll keep you as long as I can.'*

"One day this dear invalid was a little restless, and, in reply to Mary's anxious inquiries, at length came the faintly-expressed wish that she was back in the old house again. It would seem natural there, she thought, where she had lived so long, and even the street noises were old, familiar sounds that would have a lulling effect.

"It was enough; an order was immediately dispatched to the store to have *'mother's room'* prepared for her reception, which done, a carriage of easiest motion was procured and she was carried gently back to the narrow street and dingy house which she had first entered in the days of her sorrow. There was great joy among the girls to see old madam back again; but their joy did not last long; in a very few days her meek spirit was released by Him in whose service her life had been so beautifully spent.

"About this time a portion of the family estate unexpectedly came into possession of the sisters; there was, therefore, no longer necessity for Mary's continuing in business. The old establishment was relinquished in favor of Julia Byrne. The house which they had of late occupied in the city was also given up, and a beautiful retreat on Long Island chosen by the sisters as their future home. There Mary still resides, beloved and respected by all who know her; nor

did the long connection of her name with public trade deprive her of one friend whose esteem was worth retaining."

"O, grandma," shouted Henry, "I know who you've been telling us about all the time—why, it's cousin Mary!"

"Cousin Mary!" echoed L. "O, grandma, how funny!"

"Fanny, my dear, why so? Does n't your cousin Mary make as good a heroine as a stranger would make?"

"Certainly, she does," said Henry, "and better than many a heroine that's put in a book."

"Dear cousin Mary," murmured Gertrude, "I always loved your gay, rosy face and twinkling eyes; but now that I know how very, very good you've been, I love you better than ever."

"I do n't think I feel half as much interest in Miss Morton now," said mamma, with a smile.

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" exclaimed each.

"Well, my children," and papa looked round upon us as he spoke, "you have learned a useful lesson this evening. Taking into account the fluctuations of fortune, it is impossible to tell what the future may bring to any of you; but always remember that industry is more profitable than idleness, more noble than dependence, more honorable than inheritance, and produces more true content than all the gifts of Fortune."

ELOQUENCE.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

"His words seemed oracles

That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answered him.

* * * You could have heard

The beating of your pulses while he spoke."

ELOQUENCE is unquestionably the greatest of all human powers. Acknowledgment of its thrilling power and sublime mastery over the multitude has been made immemorially, and by all classes of mankind, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage. It has a wonderful history all along the track of the ages, and has ever been a ruling force in the destinies of the race. And yet what is eloquence? or, rather, where is the hiding-place of its power? Not presuming exhaustively to answer this question, and yet having devoted some thought to it, I would speak briefly thereon.

That deep emotional sensibility is an indispensable element of genuine eloquence can be doubted by none. The theme may be a grand one, and the occasion may furnish much to render the speaker equal to the grandeur of his

theme, but unless there exist in him vast capabilities of intense feeling he can not be eloquent. His style may be faultless, his periods gracefully rounded, his logic strong and convincing, and his action such as the schools make necessary to efficient oratory; but the absence of profound emotional sensibility will be sufficient to divert the effort of the character and power of eloquence. That eloquence

"Which charms and burns,
Startles, soothes, and wins by turns,"

is a *living* something; and the infusion and transfusion of the emotions of the orator into the very soul of his audience is a necessary condition of it.

To conceive of eloquence, unbaptized by the glowing warmth of feeling and without the living energy of great emotions, is an utter impossibility. It is no more in the nature of the sun to shine or of fire to burn, than for deep feeling to be an essential force in eloquent speaking. "The expression of strong emotion, in a manner adapted to excite correspondent emotion in others," is eloquence, as elegantly and fittingly defined by Noah Webster.

Nor will the affectation of deep emotion, however closely it may take the form of genuine passion, answer the purpose of investing a speaker with the moving power of eloquence. It must have "the ring of the true metal," or the cheat will be at once detected. It may have the phosphorescent quality of being luminous, but it lacks the sensible heat of light. That prince of orators, Daniel Webster, than whom no man ever better understood the great master-springs and passions of the human soul, has sublimely said of eloquence, "It comes, if it come at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires with spontaneous, original, native force. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they can not reach it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion."

Profound emotional sensibility in a speaker would seem to imply another necessary condition of eloquence—an earnest and impressive delivery. There are cases, but they are few, in which the resources of feeling are greater than those of passion in speaking. These are exceptions to a general rule. So that the capability of deep emotion usually implies, all things being equal, the ability to speak with force and impressiveness. An earnest soul, all on fire with the enthusiasm and grandeur of a great subject, must and will deliver itself with power. "*Give me liberty, or give me death!*" was an utterance

which had never thrilled the hearts and stirred up the souls of men to deeds of sublimest daring, had not the eloquent Henry both felt and spoken tremendously. It was the telling power of an eloquence born in the earnest soul and speaking out in the burning words of Demosthenes, that made his aroused countrymen exclaim in tones of thunder, "Let us fight Philip!"

"Power above powers! O heavenly eloquence! That, with the strong rein of commanding words, Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence Of men's affections, more than all their swords!"

Appropriate language and suitable action are inseparable from the idea of true eloquence. "Suit the action to the word and the word to the action" is surely the only model. The best patterns upon this subject teach that the highest eloquence may consist with language the most simple and with action the most natural. A great many mistake "words of learned length and thundering sound" for eloquence. They have yet to learn that some of the sublimest conceptions and noblest thoughts which have ever been given to the world have been expressed in pure Anglo-Saxon words. We have only to read the great master-pieces of eloquence and the best classics in the English language to see the truth of this declaration. There is, there can be no "hifalutin" about the real orator. He is above the necessity of it. He needs not the use of high-sounding and many-syllabled words; he has earnest ideas and earnest words with which to enforce them.

As the language of the model speaker is pure and simple, so is his action appropriate and natural. So far as he is concerned it is *sui generis*. While action in correct speaking implies "the accommodation of the attitude, voice, gestures, and countenance of the orator to his subject," yet in all these he may preserve and keep distinctly and vividly before his auditory his own positive individuality. No rules laid down in works on elocution can cramp the noble genius and versatile powers of an original mind. Its glorious and high-souled utterances, and the action suited to their appropriate enforcement, are the creation of the hour and place of speaking: it is *then* and *there* that eloquence holds human ears and hearts rapt and spell-bound by its electric power! Under such circumstances is the orator eloquently himself, alike in his emotions, words, enunciation, and action! He is, then, the center and radius of a power, which must tell upon all within the circumference of this charmed circle!

In conclusion, he had the idea as he had the sublime capability of eloquence, when at the

forum, or on the platform, or in the august presence of the gifted senators of his day, who said "the graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. The clear conception outrunning the deduction of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence, or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action!"

SOUVENIRS DE VOYAGE.

BY C. G. COMEGYS, M. D.

CITY ROAD AND MARY-LE-BONE CHAPELS.

ON my first Sabbath in London I started for City Road Chapel, the Mecca of Methodism. The building, which is quite plain, stands back from the street, is surrounded by ample grounds, and is altogether an agreeable and airy locality. On either side of the yard, as you enter, are offices and class-rooms; in one of the rooms on the right John Wesley died! Within I found a system of high-backed pews, reminding me of those of the old Episcopal church of my native town, on the benches of which I had often, as a boy, pleasantly stretched myself during service, safely hid from the eyes of the minister. A gallery surrounded three sides, the seats of which I found to be the more agreeable as they place one on a fair level with the lofty pulpit, while those who sit below, and who are near the pulpit, must, to see the preacher, have an angle of vision of at least forty-five degrees.

The seats for the poor were only benches, with no backs, and placed in an area beneath the gallery quite separated from the pews. And this, I thought, is the manner of treatment of the poor in the house the most renowned as the scene of the labors of Wesley, who made his ministry a mission to the poor, as Christ had done: this within walls on which are tablets inscribed to the memory of Clarke, Watson, Benson, and Butterworth. I felt wounded as a pilgrim from a far-off land to this shrine of the father of our community, when I beheld this distinction so marked in the circumstances of the worshippers; and, so far as I could see, there were not many of the real poor who honored the preaching of

the Gospel there with their presence. In Mr. Wesley's day, I was informed by one who knew it to be true, the poor had one-half of the body of the church immediately in front of the pulpit allotted to them.

I passed from the church into the cemetery in the rear. Thoughts of an unusual kind agitated my mind. Before me, as the prominent object, was the tomb of John Wesley. So fresh in his work, and so vigorously continued in all the world, that it was difficult to realize that he was dead, and especially that he had been dead for sixty years! Around him lay other great names—his successors—all as familiar as household words. Benson, Clarke, Watson rest with their beloved leader beneath the green sod waiting for that trumpet-call, when shall be clothed with immortal vigor the bodies that yielded to the arduous toil and accumulated years of earth.

Many reflections occupy one's mind in such a place, such as the wonderful manifestations in the history of the world of the influence of one mind. Thus Luther, an obscure man, rises up when thick darkness shrouds every mind and religious corruptions prevailing, sustained, too, by the influence of political power. It is a sublime contemplation to behold one man, under the help of God, rising from obscurity and boldly enunciating the truths of true religion: it is grand to follow him in his great work, sustaining it against all earthly power, unswerved, unarmed, unsubdued, and triumphantly. In the beginning he had no idea of the revolution of public sentiment which he was to effect; but having committed himself to it he became a great champion of the faith, and gave an impulse to the freedom of the soul that has continued to heave the masses of European mind for three centuries, and has not yet fulfilled its mission.

So Wesley was an obscure student of Oxford, and seemed only anxious for a higher state of piety. I believe I am safe in saying not a higher state of faith at the time. To obtain this rigid piety he makes every sacrifice of personal ease. He becomes *methodical* and seeks, in the fulfillment of every sacred rite of the Church and in charitable duties, the consolation of his soul. Struggling with this intense desire he crosses the ocean, hoping to find satisfaction in religion by multiplying his personal sacrifices. He would give his life to colonists and the heathen, but his offering is not accepted and he returns to England. But in the mean while he has encountered some of the simple children of God, and a new light fills his soul. At once he emerges from obscurity, and, enjoying now the power of the Gospel, he becomes a flaming herald of salvation. What influence had the world had before

from John Wesley, Fellow of Lincoln College? He had been enabled to associate in his somber and gloomy methodism a few of his classmates; he delivered sermons sound and didactic, but no one was moved: he was only a learned devotee and pious priest. He had acquired as much religion as is possible by a rigid self-denial. Such a man was worthy of higher faith, and he obtained it, and doubtless he would not have obtained it but for those earnest and long-continued struggles of his spirit. Now he goes forth in full possession of all the lively hopes of the Gospel and begins to move the multitude. His profound learning, which had hitherto only given him distinction as a scholar, is now employed to clothe with more intensity and power the utterance of his living faith, and Great Britain is every-where agitated by his fervid labors. Now his persecutions commence. Before, as a godly young man, he has escaped with only the jeers and scorn of his acquaintances, who called him, in their contempt, a Methodist; now he is turned out of churches, pelted by furious mobs excited by parish priests and civil magistrates, and is dubbed a fanatic. It was of as little use for him to urge that he was preaching the doctrines of the Church of England, as it was for St. Paul to assert that he was preaching the doctrines of Moses and the prophets.

Luther had not only a reformation in religion, but in politics also to effect. I say politics, because the masses were completely brutified under the despotism of the times. The divine right of ruling temporally as well as spiritually prevailed, and Luther was obliged to defend himself from the emperor as well as the Pope. He was the propagator of new ideas, though essentially religious, yet so radical that they affected all the institutions of the times. Thousands were his friends and supported his Reformation who were wholly irreligious. While Luther was asserting the doctrines of a religious reform, he was necessarily sustaining the idea of the general freedom of the mind from every oppression.

But Wesley's reformation was wholly unassociated with politics; it was purely spiritual. He had no need of preaching the Protestantism of Luther—that already prevailed. He came forth to awaken a backslidden Church, and to call sinners to repentance. Feeling in himself the efficacy of the Gospel in delivering him from the service of sin and bringing him into closer union with Christ, he was enabled to present to the thousands who crowded his ministry the fullness and the freedom of the plan of salvation. He brought out distinctly the necessity of personal holiness, showing its attainment to be an indispensable requisition of the Gospel; and its pos-

sibility, by the exhortations and promises upon every page of the New Testament. The promulgation of such a doctrine had nothing captivating in it for the worldly mind; it was, therefore, necessary to reach that mind by the severest preaching of the demands of the law of God, and the convictions resulting therefrom filled the stricken spirit with earnest struggles for deliverance. Mr. Wesley had a perfect detestation of those ministers who merely preached the joys of religion and the glories of heaven; for he well knew that no soul would have any desire for piety or heaven unless they were fully sensible of the terrible wrath of a long-suffering God.

The genius of the reformation of Wesley consists not in Protestantism merely, but in the teachings of the doctrines of the witness of the Spirit with man's spirit that he is born again; insisting upon not only the form but the power of godliness. No compromises with the world are recognized—no association of God and mammon. In the maintenance of this strict and exact life there naturally arose a series of institutions which render his system peculiar. Thus the class meeting, designed, by conversations of the members, to aid a mutual effort in personal piety. It would seem impossible ever to dispense with this institution without violence to the original idea of Methodism, and their neglect prevents that encouragement a professor of religion needs in his struggles for entire consecration. Another prominent feature in Wesley's reform is the itinerancy. The demand for the word of life made it necessary for them to go from place to place. Not only did they go where they had invitations, but also far and wide where they had none. The success of the plan has been wonderful. Whatever objections may be alleged, they are insignificant when measured by the immense results in furnishing regular preaching and organization to thousands who otherwise would have been without regular ministrations.

Another remarkable feature in his system was the employment of unlearned men in the ministry. This was forced upon him by divine indications that he could not resist; and not only in his day, but also in a multitude of examples in our own times, most effective, faithful, and powerful ministers of the word have come from the different and most ordinary occupations of life. This has rested upon the idea that God calls into the ministry only those in whom he sees a fitness for the work. John Wesley, as the learned Fellow of the Oxford University, was not at all an effective minister before his soul was expanded by a high faith. Human learning, however complete in itself, can not be effective in the pulpit; but one must not deny, for a moment, its utility,

yea, its necessity, for the complete fulfillment of his functions by a Christian minister. A man may be highly useful with not much more knowledge than the experience of a sound conversion; but his usefulness will necessarily be more circumscribed than his who unites with as high an experience the resources of learning. Science is the knowledge of the plan of God in the structure of the universe. While one may know God in the pardon of sins, he also may be known in things which are made, "even his eternal power and Godhead." Much might be said, too, of the value of general literature. The minister of Christ who disdains the value of human knowledge will fail in his usefulness. Methodism, then, while it does not insist upon learning as a primary qualification for the ministry, encourages none who do not diligently pursue those studies which are valuable in the pulpit. It may be said that we have unlearned men, and who make no efforts to improve their minds. It is true, and as a consequence their labors are not sought—they are barely endured—they are dead weights on the itinerancy. One of the evidences of a call to the ministry with us now, is the disposition to cultivate the mind as well as to exhibit the graces of the heart.

The work which John Wesley inaugurated in the Christian Church is going on with stupendous and increasing force. More than two millions of an actual membership, besides the immense multitudes who stately hear our preaching without being communicants. Then the vast host of children in Sabbath school—the great missionary army in the heathen world, with converts and catechumenists numbering thousands more, swelling the grand total. In missionary work the American division, though doing much, has nevertheless made no effort equal to its great powers. The young life of the Church on this subject is only beginning to be touched. A million of dollars could be laid in the missionary treasury annually without an exhausting effort.

It is impossible to estimate the work that Methodism will accomplish in the regeneration of the world ere the nineteenth century is closed. The patron of learning, as is shown by the large number of schools, academies, colleges, and universities in effective condition; inculcating high piety and breathing a deep earnestness for the salvation of sinners; with a devoted and self-denying ministry, now numbering great numbers of men of learning; and possessed of vast wealth, under the blessing of God unlimited conquests for the kingdom of Christ will be made. The sun will never set upon the fields it shall win all around the world; and the morning hymn of praise, beginning in the east, following the sun,

shall encircle the earth and its echo come back at last across the Atlantic wave.

ST. MARY-LE-BONE.

I visited the old church-yard of Mary-Le-Bone late on a Sabbath evening, to see the tomb of Charles Wesley. The gates were closed, but the sexton readily admitted me and pointed out the spot, or, owing to its state of decay, I could not have found it. I was able to read his name and the dates of his birth and death, and only these words besides, "a sinner saved by grace." The rest was so obliterated by time that in the failing twilight I could read no more. And this is what he most desired of his epitaph to go down to posterity, for no one ever rejoiced more in the redemption of the soul than this faithful servant of God. Go to Westminster Abbey and there behold the elaborate sculpture and inscriptions designed to immortalize England's great poets; but when they shall be known in future generations only in the circles of the learned and literary, Charles Wesley, surpassed by none in the great traits of poetic genius, shall furnish in his hymns, to the end of time, to souls full of the fervor of holy joy, an exact, lofty, and glowing language for its utterance.

Charles Wesley was an ardent Churchman. His brother John had wished that his sepulture might be in the tomb which he had prepared in City Road Chapel-yard, but Charles would not consent, because it was not "consecrated" ground. He has remarked in his correspondence that his brother's maxim was, "first the Methodists, then the Church;" whereas his was, "first the Church, then the Methodists." Yet Charles Wesley gave freely his whole life with scanty pay to the service of the Methodists. He refused a "living" of \$2,500 a year rather than "tear himself away from his old friends with whom he expected to spend a blessed immortality." He traveled far and wide in England and Ireland, and his labors were crowned with abundant success. Fearless and untiring in the exercise of his ministry, the great work could not have been extended so wide but for his labors. He sacrificed ease and family ties to prosecute it; he was from home when several of his children sickened and died.

But it is in the sacred poetry of this great man that we see his remarkable genius. We shall find in his hymns, remarks his brother, "the purity, strength, and elegance of our tongue expressed in the utmost simplicity and taste, and suited to every capacity." The excellence of true poetry consists not only in copiousness of expression, but in the accuracy of the imagination, so that the poet must be able to make his conception equal the reality; but this is not

always possible, for how can one not a mother express the true passion of a mother; and how can one not a Christian express the fervors of a Christian's faith? Mr. Wesley's hymns have their extraordinary merit in conveying in the glowing measures of poesy the highest expressions of the evangelical faith, which he enjoyed and which sustained him in a long and arduous career in the great reformation produced by the Methodists. In the strength of this faith he boldly stands on Pisgah's top, or mounts in the fiery chariot of Elijah, or joins in the chorus of the redeemed around the throne above. Mr. Jackson, in his *Life of Charles Wesley*, has presented his peculiar style—a comparison with Dr. Watts—in a very striking manner. While Dr. Watts says,

"Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore,"

Wesley boldly cries,

"The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see;
My hope is full—O glorious hope!—
Of immortality."

Whoever has read the *Giaour*, by Lord Byron, must have paused at that striking passage where, in contemplating Greece as passing from glory into ruin, he conceives the beautiful representation of a corpse:

"Who that hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
Before decay's defacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there," etc.

I have always believed that these splendid lines were suggested and drawn from Wesley's extraordinary hymn beginning with,

"Ah! lovely appearance of death,"

a piece which has strangely been left out of the latest edition of our Hymn-Book.

His familiarity with ancient and modern languages gave him the utmost command of expressive words to clothe his lines; but his critics say he never departed from words of Saxon origin, the beauty and force of which are universally felt, unless when it was necessary because of the meter or the rhyme to give greater variety to his diction. Though his variety is very great, his meters more numerous than any English writer, numbering, it is said in the Wesleyan collection of hymns, twenty-six, yet in all that he has written there is beauty, exactness, energy,

and fire of expression that no other sacred poet in our tongue has equaled.

In the same tomb with Charles Wesley are the remains of his beloved wife and one of his sons so famous for his musical talents. The sexton, who supposed that my pilgrimage was to the tomb of the son rather than the father, asked me if I was a musician. I was told that Mr. Jackson, the author of the *Life of Charles Wesley*, never goes to London without visiting his grave.

The shadows of night were fast thickening as I turned from the gray old church and the ruined tomb, repeating the line which the dead saint had so often uttered—

"God buries his workmen, but carries on his work."

PEEPS THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.*

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLAY, A. M.

WHATEVER may be said for or against the concord of science and revelation, it is an indisputable fact that the progress of the former tends greatly to promote one Christian grace, to wit, humility. The telescope has revealed to man's inquisitive mind that the earth upon which he claims to be monarch is a very insignificant fraction of the universe—hardly a visible speck in the illimitable creation of God. Upon the other hand, the microscope has shown that there has been "close to us, inhabiting minute crevices and crannies, peopling the leaves of plants and the bodies of other animals, animalcules of a minuteness hitherto unguessed, and of a structure hitherto unknown, who have been always sharers with us in God's preserving care." And thus, as the mind expands with the ever-increasing light of truth, our conceptions of God's greatness, power, and wisdom are greatly augmented, while at the same time we are made to feel that not for man alone was the earth created. The displays of Divine power and wisdom in the things that are seen and known of all men are indeed very wonderful; but the optician's art has revealed glories more gorgeous and extensive still.

The invention of the microscope is not ascribed to any one individual. In a very simple form the ancients, as far back as the days of

Seneca and Pliny, seem to have been acquainted with it. The single microscope was used for scientific purposes in the sixteenth century. In the year 1620 the compound microscope was invented, though by whom is still a matter of speculation. The novice in microscopic studies who would pursue his investigations will find the work of Prof. John King to be an admirable manual on the subject. It contains a list of the principal works on the subject of microscopy, the names of the best American microscope manufacturers, with the prices of their several instruments, the mode of using them, together with much very useful information on the several methods of collecting, examining, and preserving animalcules and other objects.

A great impediment to the progress of this interesting study has been the costliness of the instrument; but this difficulty is now obviated, since an instrument called the "student's microscope" may be procured at an expense of forty or fifty dollars, which, with the work of Prof. King, or any other good treatise on the subject, will enable the student to investigate nature in almost every department.

Let us now briefly examine the head of this hive-bee, and we may find something curious and interesting. In the first place, you discover that the head of this useful and industrious insect is pretty well covered with hair; each hair is slender and pointed, and is beset with a multitude of subordinate short hairs, which project from the main stem, and stand out at an angle; these are set on in a spiral order. The yellow hair, which you can see with the naked eye, consists of strong, horny, curved spines, each of which is scored obliquely like a butcher's steel. These legs are used, as you must know, to brush off the pollen from the anthers of flowers, out of which bee-bread—the food of the grubs—is made. With a fine needle make a prick through the skin of your hand. The drop of blood that oozes out we will now smear over this slip of glass, and place the slip on the stage of the instrument with a power of six hundred diameters. Look! You see an infinite number of small, roundish bodies of a clear, yellowish color floating in a colorless fluid, but so numerous that it is only here and there as near the edges of the smear that you can detect any interval in their continuity. These bodies are what we usually call blood globules, or, more correctly, blood *disks*, since the form is not globular, but thin and flat like a piece of money. The slightness of the color is owing, no doubt, to the extreme tenuity, for when a large number lie over each other the aggregated color is very manifest, as it then becomes either a full, dark

*Evenings at the Microscope; or, Researches Among the Minuter Organs and Forms of Animal Life. By Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860.

The Microscopist's Companion. By John King, M. D. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 1859.

red or bright, rich scarlet. To these disks blood is entirely indebted for its well-known hue.

The microscope reveals many very curious things in the insect world—a race far more populous than all the other animate tribes put together. We will begin with their *wings*, for insects, you must know, are the most perfect *fliers* in existence. The swallow and the humming-bird are fast travelers; but neither these nor any other “winged fowl” can be compared with many of the filmy-winged insects. The common house-fly, for example, will float for hours together in the air beneath the ceilings of our dwelling-rooms, hovering and dancing from side to side, without effort and without fatigue. It has been calculated that, in its ordinary flight, the house-fly makes about six hundred strokes with its wings every second, passing through the air five feet in that brief period. But if alarmed the fly will increase his speed six or seven fold, as every one must have observed, so as to carry him thirty or thirty-five feet in a second. In the same space of time the race-horse will clear only about ninety feet, which is at the rate of more than a mile a minute, the fly in the same time will go more than the third of a mile. Now, compare the vast difference of the size of the two animals—ten millions of flies would hardly counterpoise a racer—and you get some idea of the velocity of this minute creature. Did the fly equal the race-horse in size and retain its present powers in the ratio of its magnitude, it would traverse the globe with the rapidity of lightning!

Bees, too, are very skillful aeronauts. The humble-bee, notwithstanding the aldermanic proportions of his body, is the most powerful flier of this class. A high entomological authority tells us that they “traverse the air in segments of a circle, the arc of which is alternately to right and left. The rapidity of their flight is so great that, could it be calculated, it would be found, the size of the creature considered, far to exceed that of any bird, as has been proved by the observations of a traveler in a railway carriage proceeding at the rate of twenty miles an hour, which was accompanied, though the wind was against them, for a considerable distance by a humble-bee—*bombus subinterruptus*—not merely with the same velocity, but even greater, as it not unfrequently flew to and fro about the carriage, or described zigzag lines in its flight. The aerial movements of the hive-bee are more distinct and leisurely.”

You wish to know the structure of the organs by which such results are accomplished, and it will be interesting, therefore, to examine microscopically the wings of one or two insects. Bor-

row the wing of that common fly buzzing in the window and put it into the stage-forceps. “At first it seems a very thin, transparent membrane, of a shape between triangular and oval, with a few fine black lines running through it and along one edge. But on bringing a greater magnifying power to bear on it, we see that the clear surface is covered with minute stiff hairs, each of which has an expanded base. And further, by delicate focussing, we find that there are two sets of these hairs, which come into view alternately, those of one row projecting upward toward our eye, those of the other downward.” The black lines are elastic, horny tubes, over which the membranes are stretched like the silk of an umbrella by its ribs. The upper membrane is firmly attached to the tubes—which are called *nervures*—the lower has but a slight adhesion, and is easily stripped from them. The *nervures* originate in the body, and diverge like a fan to the various points of the tip, and to the upper and lower edges; some of them, however, terminate in the substance of the wing without reaching the edge, and some send off cross branches by which the two are connected together. They generally maintain the same thickness throughout, but there are enlargements where the branches join the main trunks. These *nervures* are hollow, and are during life filled with a subtile fluid which is supplied from the vessels of the body. They contain also ramifications of the exquisite spiral air vessels, so that both air and blood circulate in them.

But the noise of insects is entitled to a moment's consideration. Most persons perhaps take it for granted that the various sounds produced by these minute creatures are voices uttered by their mouths. But no insect, we are told, has any thing approaching to a voice. Vocal sounds are produced by the emission of air from the lungs variously modified by the organs of the mouth. But no insect breathes through its mouth, no air is expelled thence in a single species; it is a biting, or piercing, or sucking organ, an organ for the taking of food, or an organ for offense or defense, but never an organ of sound. The wings are in most cases the immediate causes of insect sounds. In childhood we have all wondered how a fly is enabled to defy all the laws of physics and walk jauntily about on the under surface of polished bodies, such as glass, without falling. Many erroneous opinions have been taught and are still held on this subject, the customary one being that given by Derham in his “Physico-Theology,” that “divers flies and other insects, besides their sharp-hooked nails, have also skinny palms to their feet, to enable them to stick to

glass and other smooth surfaces by means of the pressure of the atmosphere, after the manner as I have seen boys carry heavy stones with only a wet piece of leather clapped on the top of a stone." Another solution has been proposed. Hooke, one of the earliest of microscopic observers, described the two palms, or pattens, or soles as "beset with small bristles or tenters underneath like the wire-teeth of a card for working wool, which, having a contrary direction to the claws, and both pulling different ways, if there be any irregularity or yielding in the surface of a body, enable the fly to suspend itself very firmly."

Mr. Blackwall has exploded the idea of atmospheric pressure, for he found that flies could walk up the interior of the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. He had explained their ability to walk up vertical polished bodies by the mechanical action of the minute hairs of the inferior surface of the palms; but further experiments having showed him that flies can not walk up glass which is made moist by breathing on it, or which is thinly coated with oil or flour, he was led to the conclusion that these hairs are in fact tubular and excrete a viscid fluid, by means of which they adhere to dry, polished surfaces, and on close inspection with an adequate magnifying power, he was always able to discover traces of this adhesive material on the track on glass both of flies and various other insects. This, then, is the latest and best explanation of the matter, though the other theories are by no means abandoned altogether.

At the first glance through a microscope one would suppose that the *mouth* of each insect was composed on a plan of its own; but diverse as these instruments are in appearance, they are found to be composed of the same essential elements. The biting jaws of a beetle, the piercing proboscis of a bug, the long, elegantly-coiled sucker of a butterfly, the licking tongue of a bee, the cutting lancets of a horse-fly, and the stinging tube of a gnat, show unmistakable marks of a common structure.

Who has not been bled at some village inn by the much-dreaded bed-bug? With what sort of an implement is that blood-sucking operation performed? Now, the structure of the mouth is so exactly alike in all the members of the bug family that an examination of one of the winged species that are found so abundantly on plants will serve for all the rest. From the front of the head, which, owing to the manner in which this part is carried, is the *lower* part, proceeds a fine thread about four times as long as the head itself, which passes along between the fore legs close to the body beneath the breast.

It is, however, at the pleasure of the animal, capable of being brought up so as to point directly forward, and even projected in front of the head, and in the same plane as the body, a fact thus confirmed by Mr. Gosse: "I found a plant-bug which had plunged this thread-like sucker of his into the body of a caterpillar, and was walking about with his prey as if it were of no weight at all, carrying it at the end of his sucker, which was held straight out from the head and a little elevated. He fiercely refused to allow the poor victim to be taken away, being, doubtless, engaged in sucking its vital juices, just as the bed-abomination victimizes the unfortunates who cross its path."

The active little flea that makes his attacks upon us beneath the shelter of blankets and under the cover of night, is armed with a peculiarly-sharp and piercing blade. Examined through the microscope it resembles those formidable flat weapons which we often see in museums, the *rostrums* of the huge saw-fishes; a great plate of bone covered with gray skin, and set along each side with a row of serrated teeth. Before you proceed to examine a flea microscopically, gentle reader, forget not to follow Mrs. Glass's directions concerning the dressing of a hare—first catch it.

Spiders have few friends. The poor prisoner in the Bastille tamed one, to be sure, but then he had nothing else to do. Naturalists, however, find much to admire even in spiders, physically, at least. They show the perfect adaptation of organ to function that marks all God's works. Spiders have a mission, too. They are sent into the world to keep down what would otherwise be a "plague of flies." They are, therefore, fly-butchers by profession. They do nothing but slaughter; but whoever has been driven out of bed prematurely early on an autumn morning by flies incessantly alighting on his nose will defend the occupation of the spider as a praiseworthy and useful one. "Killing is no murder" in such a case.

There are in front of the head two stout brown organs, which are the representatives of the antennæ—vulgarly called *feelers*—of insects, though much modified both in form and function. They are the effective weapons of attack. When the spider attacks a fly it plunges into its victim the two fangs, the action of which is downward, and not from right to left like the jaws of insects. At the same instant a drop of poison is secreted in each gland, which, oozing through the duct, escapes from the perforated end of the fang into the wound and rapidly produces death. The fangs are then clasped down, carrying the prey, which they

powerfully press against the toothed edges of the stout basal piece, by which means the nutritive fluids of the prey are pressed out and taken into the mouth, when the dried and empty skin is rejected.

The cheese-mite, being a cousin to the spider, should next come under examination. You may readily find one, for scarcely any cupboard is without some defunct skeleton of a cheese, in which are to be found many millions of these microscopically interesting creatures, out of which you may select a fat, plump one. He has a polished, oval body, of a pellucid white hue, and eight short, red legs. His body is divided by a transverse furrow into thorax and abdomen, and there is another division between the head and thorax. The structure of the head can not be seen satisfactorily otherwise than by crushing the mite in the compressorium, a thing you need have no compunctions about when you consider how many thousands you crush every time you eat ripe cheese.

Who has not wondered at the rapid locomotion of the common earth-worm? Without any visible traveling machinery it glides along with apparent ease, and presently pokes its sharp nose into the ground and disappears. If the eye could follow it, it would be seen to make its way through the compact earth as easily as it would along the surface. Yet you see no feet, wings, fins, or limbs of any kind, only a long cylinder of soft flesh divided into numerous rings and tapering to each extremity. The very snout which enters so easily the substance of the soil is no hard, bony point, but formed of the same soft, yielding flesh as the other parts. How with such an implement does the worm penetrate whithersoever it will? The fineness of the point to which the muzzle can be drawn is the first essential. This can be so attenuated that the grains of soil can be readily separated by it, when its action is like that of the wedge. The body is then drawn into the crevice thus made, and the particles are separated still farther. Another provision then comes in; the whole surface of the skin secretes and throws off a quantity of tenacious mucus or slime, as you will immediately perceive if you handle the worm; this has the double effect of causing the pressed particles of soil to adhere together, and then to form a cylindrical wall, of which they are the bricks and the slime the mortar.

But all this does not explain the easy movement of the worm. Examined through the microscope the writhing body of our present subject shows a number of tiny points protruded and retracted with rhythmical symmetry through the skin. These points are very numerous.

They are arranged in four longitudinal lines, running along the ventral side of the animal—two lines on each side—and in each line there is a point protruded from each of the many rings of which the worm's body is made up. And by these implements the worm makes his way through the world.

But space will not allow a further exhibition of the wonders of the microscope. We must close our article by referring to the practical utility of this subject. Years ago the microscope was a mere toy, and it may yet be supposed by many persons that its revelations are more curious than useful. But this is a great mistake. It is now understood that in the study of geology, botany, mineralogy, and chemistry the microscope is a useful, not to say necessary instrument. The physician could never have comprehended the structure of some parts of the human system without its aid; besides, it affords, as we are told by Prof. King, a certainty in the diagnosis or detection of diseases, several of which can not be correctly determined without it.

In these days of shams the microscope serves a most useful purpose in the detection of frauds in food. Few persons perhaps are aware of the extent to which adulterations in food and drugs is carried. One writer says that the very articles used to adulterate are adulterated, and while one tradesman is picking the pockets of his customers, a still more cunning rogue is, unknown to himself, deep in his own.

You purchase what purports to be genuine ground coffee. In such a case, "if ignorance is bliss," it might be "folly to be wise;" but ignorance is not bliss. The decoction sent up to breakfast is insufferable, and cook is scolded. If Bridget knew that she had been boiling ground peas, beans, oats, dry bones, oak, or mahogany, chicory, and sawdust she might make a good defense; but a microscope is not yet considered—as it ought to be—an essential part of kitchen furniture, and nothing else will expose the villainy of the coffee vender.

The beautifully-smoked ham served up at breakfast might, by the aid of the microscope, have been classed with "measly pork," and the milk poured into your adulterated coffee might have been itself adulterated with water, chalk, flour, oxyd of iron, and calves' brains. The amount and quality of the trash in our tea, sugar, pepper, spices, vinegar, and other articles of food may readily be ascertained by the use of this instrument. But not in the kitchen and laboratory alone are its beneficent uses seen. It has even secured the ends of justice by saving the innocent and convicting the guilty!

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

CHRIST AND HIS BRETHREN.—*"Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father; and to my God and your God."* John xx, 17.

This is a grand and unspeakable consolation unto believers, with supportment in every condition. No unworthiness in them, no misery upon them, shall ever hinder the Lord Christ from owning them, and openly avowing them to be his brethren. He is a brother born for the day of trouble, a Redeemer for the friendless and fatherless. Let their miseries be what they will, he will be ashamed of none but of them who are ashamed of him and his ways, when persecuted and reproached. A little while will clear up great mistakes. All the world shall see at the last day whom Christ will own; and it will be a great surprisal when men shall hear him call them brethren whom they hated, and esteemed as the offscouring of all things. He doth it, indeed, already by his word; but they will not attend thereunto. But at the last day they shall both see and hear whether they will or no. And herein, I say, lies the great consolation of believers. The world rejects them, it may be their own relations despise them—they are persecuted, hated, reproached; but the Lord Christ is not ashamed of them. He will not pass by them because they are poor and in rags—it may be reckoned—as he himself was for them—among malefactors. They may see also the wisdom, grace, and love of God in this matter. His great design in the incarnation of his Son was to bring him into that condition wherein he might naturally care for them as their brother; that he might not be ashamed of them, but be sensible of their wants, their state and condition in all things, and so be always ready and meet to relieve them. Let the world now take its course, and the men thereof do their worst; let Satan rage and the powers of hell be stirred up against them; let them load them with reproach and scorn, and cover them all over with the filth and dirt of their false imputations; let them bring them into rags, into dungeons, unto death—Christ comes in the midst of all this confusion and says, "Surely these are my brethren, the children of my Father," and he becomes their Savior. And this is a stable foundation of comfort and supportment in every condition. And are we not taught our duty also herein, namely, not to be ashamed of him or of his Gospel, or of any one that bears his image? The Lord Christ is now himself in that condition that even the worst of men esteem it an honor to own him; but, indeed, they are no less ashamed of him than they would have been when he was carrying his cross upon his shoulders,

or hanging upon the tree; for of every thing that he hath in this world they are ashamed—his Gospel, his ways, his worship, his Spirit, his saints, they are all of them the objects of their scorn; and in these things it is the Lord Christ may be truly honored or be despised.

THE MONEY SCALES.—*"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches."* Prov. xiii, 7.

An opulent merchant having received a sum of money, was putting the ducats one by one into a pair of scales, in order to ascertain that they were not too light. "For my part," said Gotthold, who was present, "I should be more afraid of their being too heavy." "How so?" inquired the merchant. "Do you not think," rejoined Gotthold, "that money is too heavy when bedewed with the blood of the poor, the sweat of the laborious, and the tears of the widow and the orphan, or when loaded with the curses of those who, by fraud or violence, have been robbed of it? I will hope, however, that there are no pieces of this description in that heap of yours, or rather, I will not fear that there are any. Suffer me, however, without offense, to express the wish that you will always make your conscience your scales, and weigh in it your dollars and ducats to ascertain that they are of proper weight, and have been honestly acquired. Many a man never learns, till he is struggling with death, how difficult, or rather impossible, it is to force a soul, burdened with unrighteous gain, through the strait gate which leadeth unto life. Take heed, then, that no such gain ever burdens yours. The more he carries, the more the pilgrim sweats and pants as he climbs the steep; and the more the conscience is oppressed with dishonesty and fraud, the harder will the struggle of a death-bed be."

THE BUSYBODY.—*"Let none of you suffer . . . as a busybody in other men's matters."* 1 Peter iv, 15.

The character of the busybody is well described by Bishop Hall: "His estate is too narrow for his mind, and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs; yet ever in pretense of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without question, and rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to

appose him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale, wherewith he so haun-eth the patient auditor that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censure of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is often broken off with a succession of parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion, and perhaps would effect it if the other's ears were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk and read a letter in the street, he runs to them and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation: and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish Mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freeing of the Thames; and after many thanks and dismissals, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbor's window and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he priceth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins talk of his neighbor at another's board; to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter; whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition; so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can be no act pass without his comment, which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He harbors another man's servant, and amid his entertainment asks what fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests; and when he hath by curious inquiries extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on anew. He hates constancy as an earthen dullness, unfit for men of spirit, and loves to change his work and his place; neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place, as every place is weary of him; for as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; and look how many masters he hath, so many enemies; neither is it possible that any should not hate him, but who knows him not. So then he labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity, save that some say it was pity he died no sooner."

CASTING AWAY THE OLD LEAVEN.—"Let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." 1 Cor. v. 8.

General Burn, in recording his experience, says, "One Lord's day, when I was to receive the sacrament, before I approached the sacred ordinance, my conscience so keenly accused me on account of this beloved idol—playing at cards—that I hardly knew

what to do with myself. I tried to pacify it by a renewal of all my resolutions, with many additions and amendments. I parleyed and reasoned the matter over for hours, trying, if possible, to come to some terms of accommodation, but still the obstinate monitor within cried out, 'There's an Achan in the camp; approach the table of the Lord if you dare!' Scared at the threat, and yet unwilling to part with my darling lust, I became like one possessed. Restless and uneasy, I flew out of the house to vent my misery with more freedom in the fields under the wide canopy of heaven. Here I was led to meditate on the happiness of the righteous, and the misery of the wicked in a future state. The importance of eternity falling with a ponderous weight upon my soul, raised such vehement indignation against the accursed thing within, that crying to God for help, I kneeled down under a hedge, and taking heaven and earth to witness, wrote on a piece of paper with my pencil a solemn vow, that I never would play at cards, on any pretense whatsoever, so long as I lived. No sooner had I put my name to the solemn vow than I felt myself another creature. Sorrow took wing and flew away and a delightful peace succeeded. The intolerable burden being removed from my mind, I approached the sacred table of the Lord with an unusual degree of pleasure and delight. This was not my only idol. I had many others to contend with. But while I was endeavoring to heal my wounded soul in one place, ere I was aware sin broke out in another."

WISDOM.—"Wisdom is a defense, and money is a defense: but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it." Eccl. vii, 12.

There is a beautiful marginal reading to this passage. The Hebrew word rendered *defense* signifies a shadow; that is, a protecting shade. Here are two sheltering shades; both are grateful; but one is superior to the other as the soul is superior to the body. The one protects us from such evils as are incident to poverty; the other protects us from miseries of the mind; it refreshes and restores the soul.

AN EASTERN CUSTOM OF EXPRESSING COMPLAINTS.—"They cried out and cast off their clothes, and threw dust into the air." Acts xxii, 25.

A great similarity appears between the conduct of the Jews, when the chief captain of the Roman garrison at Jerusalem presented himself in the temple, and the behavior of the Persian peasants, when they go to court to complain of the governors under whom they live, upon their oppressions becoming intolerable. Sir John Chardin tells us respecting them, that they carry their complaints against their governors by companies, consisting of several hundreds, and sometimes of a thousand; they repair to that gate of the palace near to which their prince is most likely to be, where they begin to make the most horrid cries, tearing their garments, and throwing dust into the air, at the same time demanding justice. The king, upon hearing these cries, sends to know the occasion of them. The people deliver their complaint in writing, upon which he lets them know that he will commit the cognizance of the affair to some one, by whom justice is usually done them.

Notes and Queries.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—On the 4th of August, 1763, Thomas and Richard Penn and Lord Baltimore, being together in London, agreed with Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two mathematicians or surveyors, to mark, run out, settle, and fix the boundary line between Maryland on the one hand and Delaware and Pennsylvania on the other. Mason and Dixon landed in Philadelphia on the 15th of November following, and began their work at once. They adopted the peninsular lines, and the radius and tangent point of the circular of their predecessors. They next ascertained the north-eastern coast of Maryland, and proceeded to run the dividing parallel of latitude. They pursued this parallel a distance of 23 miles, 18 chains, and 21 links from the place of the beginning at the north-east corner of Maryland to the bottom of a valley on Dunkard creek, where an Indian war-path crossed their route, and here, on the 19th of November, 1767—ninety-two years ago—their Indian escort told them it was the will of the Sioux nation that the surveys should cease, and they terminated accordingly, leaving 36 miles, 6 chains, and 50 links as the exact distance remaining to be run west to the south-west angle of Pennsylvania, not far from the Broad Tree tunnel on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Dixon died at Durham, England, 1777; Mason died in Pennsylvania, 1787.

REASONING OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—Extraordinary as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and shows the sense, and I am strongly inclined to add reason, of the Newfoundland dog:

A friend of mine, while shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river they threw down their hats and crept to the edge of the water, where they fired at some birds. They soon after sent the dog to bring their hats, one of which was smaller than the other. After several attempts to bring them both together in his mouth, the dog at last placed the smaller hat in the larger one, pressed it down with his foot, and thus was able to bring them both at the same time.—*Jesse's Anecdotes of Dogs.*

RADICALS IN EUROPEAN LANGUAGES.—Vans Kennedy states that there are 900 Sanskrit words in the Greek, Latin, and Teutonic languages, 265 in Persian, 83 in Zend, and 251 in English. Of these 900 roots he allots 339 to Greek, 319 to Latin, and 162 to the German—leaving 80 for the remaining Teutonic languages. He says there are 208 Sanskrit roots in Greek not found in Latin, and 188 in Latin not to be met with in Greek, and many roots in Latin not in the Teutonic languages, and that 43 are found in German and not in English, and 138 in English and not in German. Perhaps, however, the Sanskrit roots in the English would amount to between 300

and 400, which, moreover, may be discovered in composition of several thousand words—4 Sanskrit root-verbs alone being found in composition of 500 or 600 English words. Indeed, to such an extent is this the case that we can hardly utter a sentence which does not contain two or three Sanskrit roots; so that most of us might be likened to the Bourgeois gentilhomme who had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. These Sanskrit roots have come into our language in various ways. We have some directly, some indirectly through both the Latin and Greek, some through only one of those languages, others again through the Persian, the Teutonic languages, and the various Celtic dialects. The Slavonic languages contain a large number of Sanskrit roots, the Hebrew and Arabic very few. The Latin may be reduced to about 800 or 900 words, from which the whole body of the language has been built up. More than half of these words may be traced to the Greek, and the remainder—after deducting those formed by onomatopœia, and a few from the Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and the Celtic and Teutonic languages—chiefly to the Sanskrit, Phœnician, and Hebrew.—*English Notes and Queries.*

THE TERMINATION "TH."—Derived nouns often end in *th*, as, for example, *warmth*, *depth*, *birth*, and *month*, from *warm*, *deep*, *bear*, and *moon*. In some cases, as *broth*, *froth*, *worth*, the source is not obvious. Of course *th* may sometimes be radical, but like *t*, as in *frost*, *lost*—*freeze*, *lose*—it is, in a multitude of cases, a mere servile or grammatical suffix. The same letters, *th* or *t*, are constantly used in the Hebrew and other Shemitic languages as well as elsewhere, with or without a vowel termination, as the case may be. I wish to know what account is given of this curious law, as I may term it, or to be favored with any references to works which will furnish me with the information.—*English Notes and Queries.*

DIFFER.—In a late Repository the question is asked, "What is the proper preposition to be used after the word differ; should it be *from* or *with*?" I should say it depends on the intention of the one who "differs." If he means that he will quarrel with the one with whom he does not agree, of course *with* is the word; but if a simple dissent is intended, then certainly *from* should be used. This is the "rule by which we can determine the word to be used in given cases." A. F. B.

BEGINNING OF THE DAY.—A correspondent recently asks, "In what longitude on the earth does any day first commence?" We generally act, think, and speak on the hypothesis that the day first shines upon the Celestial Empire, and no doubt the "celestials" imagine it goes out not far from their western border, while we are apt to think Phœbus cools his glowing wheels in our own western waters. Indeed, the Pacific seems quite a happy arrangement for

swallowing up one day and giving birth to another. But, seriously, neither the necessities of science nor the convenience of every-day life has required the settlement of such a question. W. H. Y.

ANSWER TO GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—See April number.—The following answer to the geographical enigma in the April number is sent to us by a correspondent from Sharon, Ohio:

Smyrna. It is the principal city in Asia Minor, and the third in Asiatic Turkey. The foundation of Smyrna is generally ascribed to Alexander the Great.

1. Sinope, the birthplace of Diogenes.
2. Missolonghi. Lord Byron died here, April 19, 1824.
3. York.
4. Rochelle.
5. The battle of the Nile, fought October 21, 1805, between the forces of England and the combined fleets of France and Spain.
6. Antioch, long the capital of the Grecian kingdom of Syria. C. M. F.

ALLITERATIVE POETRY.—We have already given in this department of the Repository one or two specimens of alliterative verse, to which we add the following. It is clipped from the English Notes and Queries, where it appears copied from one of the cheap publications current thirty years ago:

Arthur asked Amy's affection,
 Bet, being Benjamin's bride,
 Coolly cut Charles's connection;
 Deborah, Dickey denied,
 Eleanor's eye, efficacious,
 Frederick's fatality feels;
 Giles gained Georgiana—good gracious!
 Harry hates Helen's high heels.
 Isaac is Isabel's idol,
 Jenny jeers Jonathan Jones;
 Kath'rine knows knock-kneed Kit Kriedal,
 Love's leering Lucy's long bones.
 Mary meets mortifications,
 Nicholas Nancy neglects,
 Oliver's odd observations
 Proves Peter poor Patty protects!
 Quaker Quintilian's queer quibbles
 Red Rachel's reasons resist;
 Soft Simon's sympathy scribbles
 Tales to tall Tabitha Twist.
 Ursula unthinking, undoing
 Volatile Valentine's vest,
 William's wild wickeder wooing
 'Xceeds youthful Zelica's zest.

ON THE USE OF TORTURE.—A curious letter of the Earl of Dunfermline's is extant, who, in the reign of James I, was, I believe, chancellor of Scotland. It was written on the occasion of the discovery of a plot against the government, and beginning with a lengthy Latin quotation, is remarkable for containing, among many other matters, some hints and directions for the benefit of Sir Robert Cecil as to the best means of extracting confessions from the conspirators. The Earl, who was a Scotchman, expresses his opinion in quaint language. The following extract is interesting. After alluding to twenty years' experience in such matters, he goes on to say as follows:

"I have found nothing so profitable as to be

cairfull, yat the offenders be kiepit werye quyett, and at ane werye sobir dyett: That naine haue anye access to thame; That thair gett na notice but yat all their plotts are discouered, and all thair associatts apprehendit; and if it ware possible all, at least sa monye as is supposed to know maist, wold be closed up seuerallie in mirk houses whair they myner see light, and wolde be maid to misbeknoe the day from the night. This sobors thair mynde, and drawes them to feare and repentance.

"They sold euir be examined at torch light, the maist simple man meitest first be dealt with, and sua mekle gotten of them as may be had: out of such grounds, the diepest thoughts and deuyses may be drawn out of the maist craftie.

"Quhen occasion sall seme of Torture the slawlier it be used at dyuers tymes and be interwallis, the mair is gotten be it: Heiche spiritts and desperat interprysars if they be suddenlie put to great tormentis in thair rage will suffer all obdurie and Fynes sense, whilk will fall otherwise if they be delt with at lasoure.

"Your Lordships to command
 "DUNFERMLINE."

JACKASS.—Is it, or is it not, a thing generally known that the term *jackass* for donkey has an eastern origin?

When Dr. Wolff, the Bokhara missionary, was at Mardun in Mesopotamia, he gave great offense to some Armenian Roman Catholics by an accident committed in a fit of absence, and was called, in consequence, "*Wolff Jakhah*," that is, *Wolff the jackass*.

Jakhah is an Arabic word used only in Mesopotamia, its root-meaning being, *one who extends his ears*. It is impossible to give the proper pronunciation of the word in English letters, but sight, sound, and original meaning confirm the idea that it must be the original of our *jackass*.—*English Notes and Queries*.

FROGS IN IRELAND.—Time was when there were no frogs in Ireland. The old song tells us of St. Patrick that

"He gave the frogs and toads a twist
 And banished them forever."

Now, however, great varieties of them abound there. It is stated that about a century since a Fellow of Trinity College, I believe Provost Baldwin, brought frog-spawn from England to Dublin to test the popular belief that frogs could not live there. I have somewhere seen an account of the rate at which the offspring of this spawn spread through the land, showing the distance from Dublin at which, in their migrations, they arrived in successive years. Might not the same experiment be now tried with the toad?—*English Notes and Queries*.

MINOR QUERY.—*Variations of Temperature*.—Will some of your readers give a philosophical reason for the great variation in the temperature of the atmosphere in the same latitude? for example, one day the mercury will be thirty or forty degrees above zero, and the next probably ten or fifteen below. W. B.

Arithmetical Question.—A man put out \$90 at compound interest till it trebled itself, and the rate per cent. was equal to the number of years. Required the time and rate per cent. J. W. H.

Children's Corner.

THE DEAD BIRD.—Yes, it was quite dead! Its pretty feathers all torn and ruffled; its bright eyes fixed and glassy. I had so loved that little birdie! It was so tame, feeding often out of my hand; and once, when I was recovering from a long illness, it lived in my room, singing merrily every morning—as though trying to cheer me with its dear, sweet music! And now it was quite dead, and would never sing any more! I did not cry; I was far too angry for that. I stormed, and stamped, and spoke harsh, passionate words to my little frightened brother. He was a small, delicate child of seven, just two years younger than myself. Now he stood holding poor dead Dicky in his trembling hands, the tears rolling down his pale, sorrowful face.

"O, Sissy! I am so sorry—so very, very sorry! Please forgive me?"

"You naughty, bad boy!" I cried, in greater anger than before, "you killed my bird! I told you not to let it out!" And I raised my hand.

Some one caught my arm, and my mother stood by me. Her gentle eyes were sad, and she looked very grave.

"Helen, my dear child, will you never conquer this fearful, wicked passion?"

But I was too angry to heed her words. "He has killed my bird!" I screamed, struggling to free myself from her hold.

"O, mamma, I did n't kill it," sobbed Harry: "I am so sorry I was naughty, and let it out, and pussy came! And O, mamma, what shall I do? Poor Dicky lies quite dead!"

And Harry clung round his mother, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"You should not have let it out: it was Sissy's bird; but your fault has brought its own punishment, my boy; and now you must ask Sissy to forgive you."

Holding the dead bird tenderly in his arms, Harry came to me, and looking up at me, with his tearful blue eyes, sobbed out, "I am so sorry! Sissy, do forgive me!"

But my wicked temper was unconquered, and I only turned pouting away.

"Sissy, will you kiss me?"

He got hold of my dress and tried to make me turn to him, but I would not.

"Harry, darling," said my mother, taking him by the hand, "come away: Sissy must be left alone. She is being very wicked, and I can not allow you to stay with her!"

But the child went reluctantly, running back from the door to say once more, "Sissy! Sissy! won't you kiss me?"

And I would not!

I had no sisters, and only that one little brother. Poor Harry! from his birth he was a delicate, fragile thing, and had grown to be a gentle, loving child—

very beautiful to look upon, with soft blue eyes, that had sometimes a strange look in them. On a Sunday evening, when papa and mamma, and Harry and I sang our hymns together, the child would sit upon his father's knee, resting his golden curls upon his shoulder; and then that look, that was not of this earth, always came into his face. I often saw my mother watch him till the large tears gathered ready to fall; and then she would turn away, and my father's hand would pass tenderly over the little golden head, as he, too, sighed heavily.

We lived in the outskirts of a large town, in a tall brick house, not very pretty to look at; but there Harry and I had a large airy nursery, full of nice toys and picture-books. Of a winter's evening old nurse would tell us stories about other little boys and girls, and sometimes about fairies—and these Harry liked best.

I loved my little brother—O, how dearly I loved him! And I loved the others, too; but for all that I often made them very unhappy, by giving way to my wicked, passionate temper. I was always very sorry afterward, but my sorrow did not prevent the fault from being repeated.

On my ninth birthday nurse had given me a canary in a pretty painted cage. This was a source of intense delight to me. The little creature soon got to know me quite well, and would hop upon my finger and feed from my lips.

And now poor birdie was dead! I never permitted Harry to open the cage-door; but one unlucky afternoon the temptation was too strong for him, and as Master Dicky popped gayly about on the nursery-floor, picking up some crumbs that Harry had strewn for him, pussy, who had been lurking in some dark corner, sprang forward and seized the little songster!

Harry's piercing shriek made pussy drop her prey, and brought me to the nursery. We lifted poor Dicky up tenderly, but, alas! he was quite dead! And then I was very wicked and gave free way to all my naughty passion, and I would not forgive him—poor child!

When mamma left me I began to cry—tears of anger, not of sorrow. Nobody came near the nursery for some time; but at last, nurse, leading Harry by the hand, came silently in, and without taking any notice of me, went to the wardrobe where our walking-things were kept.

Poor little Harry looked very sad, and cast many a wistful glance at me as I stood sobbing by the window. As nurse was getting his hat from its box, he crept softly to me, and stroking my dress, whispered, "Do n't cry, Sissy; do n't cry!"

"Master Harry!" said nurse, sharply, "did n't your mamma forbid you to speak to Miss Helen?"

And poor Harry had to go back. As soon as he was dressed to go out, nurse led him away, and again I was left alone.

Our nursery-window looked into the high road,

and I watched the two set off, taking the way toward town. I could see Harry was speaking very earnestly, and smiling up at nurse, as if something pleased him very much.

I began to feel wretched: I knew I had done wrong, and longed to go down and tell mamma so; but I dare not leave the nursery. Mamma came at last. "Helen," she said, sitting down by me and taking both my hands—"Helen, you have grieved me—sadly, and you have been very unkind to your little brother. He did not do it on purpose. He loved poor Dicky as much as you did; and when he was so sorry, how could you refuse to kiss him?"

I hung down my head, silent and ashamed.

"I hope, Helen, you are sorry, and see how wicked you have been."

"O, mamma!" I cried, bursting again into tears, "I have been very naughty; please forgive me!"

How kindly, how lovingly she spoke to me! warning me of the trouble I should bring upon myself by yielding to such passion.

"And now," she continued, "I must tell you, that Harry has begged for nurse to take him into town that he may buy you another canary—with all the little savings out of his money-box. He thought he should be able to get one."

I wept more bitterly at this. Mamma took me on her knee, and we sat there together, and had a long talk.

That dear, good mamma! She is gone from me now, and I shall never hear her voice on earth again! But every word of gentle warning that she ever spoke, comes back to me with sorrowful distinctness!

"Here they are at last!" I cried, as nurse and her charge appeared in sight. Nurse carried in her hand a very tiny cage—such as they use to carry birds from one place to another. Harry's face was radiant.

"Kiss your hand to him," said mamma; but I ran off down stairs and opened the front door myself. They were on the opposite side of the road, and Harry, eager to come to me, suddenly broke from nurse and ran to cross the road. A coach, laden with luggage, was passing quickly by: there was a shout, and then Harry's little delicate form turned and writhed under the cruel, crushing wheels.

I heard a heart-rending cry, and knew that my mother had seen all. The coach had passed and Harry lay there, still—quite still.

People came, running and shouting, from all directions, and I saw nurse run to the fatal spot. Another moment and my mother rushed past me as I stood, paralyzed with horror. And O, her face! it haunted me for years after. I followed and found her kneeling on the ground beside her boy. She looked quite calm, and even assisted to raise him. He looked as if he were dead: his eyes closed, and the golden hair falling heavily back from his face.

O, my brother! my brother! Thou wast more of heaven than earth; and so God took thee!

Some one—I do not know who—went to fetch papa; and three or four doctors came. They laid him on the bed, in his own little room, and nurse told me he would never be with Sissy again.

Child as I was, such was the intensity of my suf-

fering at that time that I shudder to think of it even now.

Toward night papa came and led me into Harry's room. I took one look at the tiny form, stretched upon the bed, and then, trembling and weeping, crouched down in a distant corner of the room. My mother sat by the bedside, holding Harry's hand in hers.

"Papa!" said a soft, low voice—"papa! will Sissy kiss me?"

I sprang forward, and in a moment Harry's arms were about my neck. I shook from head to foot, with the effort of restraining my sobs; for they had told me to be very quiet.

"Where's poor dead Dicky?" said Harry, opening his eyes and looking in my face.

Birdie was lying on the table, in a little basket, just where Harry had laid it before he went out. I took it up and gave it to the child, who put it on the pillow beside him, murmuring softly, "Poor birdie! poor little birdie!"

I kissed Harry very gently, and papa was just taking me away, when he said eagerly, "Papa, tell her there's another Dicky come!"

I went back again and kissed my brother, once and once again. I saw my mother's face, still and calm, but with such a fearful look upon it! And then papa took me away.

When I was left alone I knelt down and prayed to God that he would let my little brother live; but in the morning papa came to me—the tears were running down his face, and he told me that Harry was dead!

* * * * *

Mamma was very ill—so ill that they thought she would leave us and go to her boy; but God was good and left us dear mamma for many years after that.

They put Harry in a little coffin; I saw him lying there, and papa let me put some sweet white rosebuds in his tiny cold hands; and then they took him away. The next day was Sunday, and nurse told me that Harry was with the angels in heaven, and that he was quite happy, and would never know sorrow or pain any more. But I mourned for my little brother, and often felt very sad and lonesome without him!

* * * * *

O, children! beware of giving way to wicked passion! Stop when an unkind little word is on your lip, and think of what I have told you.—*Sharpe's Magazine*.

LITTLE CHILDREN.—God bless little children! They are the gems that sparkle in man's pathway—the stars that stand in the firmament of his existence. Without them gloom would overspread the whole earth, and the light of life would lose all its brilliancy. Who does not love the lithesome glee of the little cherubs as they climb your knee, or frolic round you in their innocent mirth? Who does not find his heart warming toward them as they look up into your face with childish innocence and smile as only children and angels can? "Suffer little children to come unto me," Christ said, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." How just, how true the comparison! Purity, peace, and love—such are the attributes we are wont to ascribe to that place of rest to which we all aspire.

Wayside Gleanings.

FOLLOWING COPY.—The maxim of the sea-captain is to "follow orders if you break owners." That of the printer, ignoring all results, is simply to "follow copy." Either of these maxims rigidly adhered to would sometimes lead to singular results, as will be illustrated by an incident in the life of a Boston job printer:

Mr. C. had just finished a troublesome work on railway engineering. In its progress he had been obliged often to change the types to suit the author, and in the settlement had much difficulty in adjusting the extra expenses with the publishers. In the moment of excitement he vowed that the first job presented on Monday morning should be set up precisely "according to copy." It was done, and here it is:

A VALUABLE HOUSE FOR SALE.

With ACKER of land and apples trees. It is anew house and nicely situated and Fitting for two famalya to live in there is four Romes on the first flour and three up stairs there are all Large in Perpotion

It Stands on Souh Right in the sinter of Both Depots Not five Minuts to Eighter and abot same to eighter of stores an it will sarce take Minut walk to Calulick Church

is to veew of the town

Please of Enquiry Marlboro Middle Sex

County mass

the Name and Onsr Mr

Michael keney

yours Respectful friend

it is for the Purthcer Now and

Between fust of june

SPURIOUS PHILANTHROPY.—We have somewhere met with the following definition of spurious philanthropy. Our readers will recognize it by the "earmarks" when they meet it:

A benevolence which satisfies itself with railing at the rich without helping the poor.

GREAT IDEAS.—The Christian Examiner says:

It is a remarkable fact, that in the splendid array of world-renowned German writers who, in the last hundred years, have so gloriously adorned and illustrated almost every field of human thought, and fancy, and research, there is not one who was not born and educated as a Protestant. It adds: "If we were to strike from the records of human intellectual action all that Catholic Germany has contributed to the general stock since the Protestant Reformation, the world would not be poorer by one great idea, or even by one comprehensive fact."

FANNY FERN.—An exchange thus balances a running account with the inevitable Fanny:

Fanny says if one half of the girls knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased. If the men knew, Fanny, what their future lives were to be, would n't it increase the list of old maids still further?

PROVERBS ABOUT LAWYERS AND GOING TO LAW.—The following proverb and comment from "Law and Lawyers" may go for what it is worth:

"He that loves law will get his fill of it."

Lord Mansfield declared that if any man claimed a field from him, he would give it up, provided the concession were

kept secret, rather than engage in proceedings at law. Hesiod, in admonishing his brother always to prefer a friendly accommodation to a lawsuit, gave to the world a paradoxical proverb, "The half is better than the whole." Very often "a lean agreement is more than a fat lawsuit." (Italian.) "Lawyers' garments are lined with suitors' obstinacy"—Italian—and "their houses are built of fools' heads." (French.)

PROVERBS ABOUT PHYSICIANS.—Next to lawyers, physicians have shared in the wit of the epigrammatist. The Crayon supplies the following proverbs:

Of "physicians" it is said,

"If the doctor cures, the man sees it; if he kills, the earth hides it."

"The earth covers the mistakes of the physician." (Italian, Spanish.) "Bleed him and purge him; if he dies, bury him." (Spanish.) It is a melancholy truth that "the doctor is more to be feared than the disease." (French.) "Throw physic to the dogs," is in effect the advice given by many eminent physicians, and by some of the greatest thinkers the world has seen. "Shun doctors and doctors' drugs if you wish to be well," was the seventh, last, and best rule of health laid down by the famous physician, Hoffmann. Sir William Hamilton declared that "medicine in the hands in which it is vulgarly dispensed is a curse to humanity rather than a blessing;" and Sir Astley Cooper did not scruple to avow that "the science of medicine was founded on conjecture and improved by murder." It is a remarkable fact that "the doctor seldom takes physic." (Italian.) He does not appear to have a very lively faith in his own art. As for his alleged cures, their reality does not pass unquestioned. It is true that "dear physic always does good, if not to the patient, at least to the apothecary"—German—but "It is God that cures, and the doctor gets the money." (Spanish.) Save your money, then, and "if you have a friend who is a doctor, take off your hat to him, and send him to the house of your enemy." (Spanish.)

THE HESPERIDES.—The classical mythology contains many beautiful fables. The blessed isles of the west, where the gardens of the Hesperides lay, were probably the dream of that happy Eden where the first parents dwelt:

The Hesperides, or "the Western Maidens," were three celebrated nymphs. They are said to have been the daughters of night, and to have had no father. Their home was "beyond the bright ocean." When the bridal of Jupiter and Juno took place, all the deities came, bearing nuptial presents for the bride; among them came the goddess of Earth, bringing with her branches having golden apples growing thereon. Juno being greatly pleased with the branches of golden fruit, begged of Earth to plant them in her gardens, which extended as far as Mount Atlas. The request was granted, and the Hesperides, or "the Western Maidens," were set to watch and guard the trees. But, alas! the fruit was too tempting; and like our first mother, they put forth their hands and plucked for themselves. Juno was so enraged at this conduct that she sent a great dragon to guard the precious fruit. Hercules was sent by Eurystheus to bring some of this golden fruit. On his way in quest of it, he came to the river Eridanus, and inquired of some nymphs where the apples were to be obtained. They directed him to Nereus, whom he found asleep; him he bound and held fast till he told where the golden apples were. Having obtained this information he set out on his journey. He visited Egypt, roamed through Arabia, over the mountains of Libya—he

then reached the eastern course of the ocean, which he crossed in the radiant cup of the Sun god. He now came to where Prometheus lay chained, with a bird feeding on his liver; he shot the bird and delivered Prometheus, who, out of gratitude, warned him not to go himself after the apples, but to send Atlas for them, and, in the mean time, support the heavens in his stead. Atlas, accordingly, went for the apples; and when he returned, proposed to carry the apples to Eurystheus himself, leaving Hercules to hold up the heavens. This Prometheus seemingly acceded to, but asked Atlas to take hold of the heavens while he put a pad upon the head of his friend Hercules. The unwary Atlas threw down the apples and resumed his burden, when Hercules snatched up the fruit and went on his way.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF GRAY'S ELEGY.—This manuscript was lately sold in a London auction-room. The sale was thus described by an eye-witness:

Imagine a stranger entering in the midst of a sale of some rusty-looking old books. The auctioneer produces two small half-sheets of paper, written over, torn, and mutilated. He calls it "a most interesting article," and apologizes for its condition. Pickering bids £10! Rodds, Foss, Thorpe, Bohn, Holway, publishers, and some amateurs quietly remark, twelve, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, and so on till there is a pause at £63. The hammer strikes. "Hold!" says Mr. Foss. "It is mine," said the amateur. "No, I bid sixty-five in time." "Then I bid seventy." "Seventy-five," says Mr. Foss; and five are repeated again till the two bits of paper are knocked down, amid a general cheer, to Payne & Foss, for £100 sterling! On these bits of paper are written the first drafts of the *Elegy* in a country church-yard, by Thomas Gray, including five verses which were omitted in publication, and with the poet's interlinear corrections and alterations—certainly an "interesting article." Several persons thought it would call forth a £10 note, perhaps even a £20.

A TEST OF WISDOM.—The story of Socrates is familiar to our readers, that when asked why the Delphic oracle had pronounced him the "wisest of mankind," he replied, that the reason was he was a fool, and knew it, but other men were fools, and did not know it. Very similar to this is the following:

Epictetus told one of his scholars that "he might first look upon himself as having made more true proficiency in virtue, when the world took him for a fool."

THE GREAT ORATORS.—School-boys, trained in the elements of a collegiate education, are fond of quoting Demosthenes and Cicero as the greatest models of oratory. Some of our modern orators have nevertheless rivaled, and, it may be, surpassed them. Of several of the most distinguished the following pleasant anecdotes are told:

"What a man Fox is!" said Walpole. "After his long and very exhausting speech on Hastings's trial, he was seen handing ladies into their coaches with all the gayety and prattle of an idle gallant!"

Burke's melodramatic trick was a complete failure, when he flung the dagger on the floor of the house of commons, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan: "The gentleman has brought us the knife—but where is the fork?"

When Lord Erskine made his debut at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down. "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my children tugging at my gown, and the idea aroused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable."

Lord Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to a rumored appointment to a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in a dry and wagish way, remarked, "May it be so, my Lord Harry; but I have a strong notion that, though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it!"

Pitt and Fox were listened to with profound respect, and in silence broken only by occasional cheers, but from the moment of Sheridan's rising, there was an expectation of pleasure which, to his last days, was seldom disappointed. A low murmur of eagerness ran round the house; every word was watched for, and his pleasantry set the whole assemblage in a roar.

Canning said of Grattan's eloquence, that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ and seeing the wheels; you saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh of them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings kept ready for the occasion.

Mr. Burke, on one occasion, had just risen in the house of commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough-hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. B. was so swollen with rage as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the house. On this occasion George Selwyn remarked, that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realized—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass!"

APOLOGIES IN THE PULPIT.—If there is any place where apologies are in bad taste and in general wholly needless, it is the pulpit. Pertinent to this subject is the following story:

In early life Judge David Shattuck, late President of Centenary College, Louisiana, but now in California, was a peddler. He had a brother of moderate abilities, who was a Baptist preacher. This brother was accustomed to preface a rather poor discourse by saying that, during the past week, he had selected a text; but that since his arrival at Church God had taken his text from him and given him another. Judge Shattuck—then plain David and not a member of any Church—was a little mortified at this habit of his brother, and determined to break him of it. He did it in this wise: One day he said, "Brother, I would not preach for the God for whom you preach." In astonishment the question was asked, "Why not?" "When you have leisure, you select a text, and get it so you can preach on it; but when you arrive at the church he takes it from you and gives you another upon which you can not preach at all!" The cure was effected perfectly and permanently. The moral intended by this incident is, do not make apologies in the pulpit. The application may be wider than its original area.

THE DIFFERENCE.—There is much of truth in the following pithily-expressed sentiment:

We praise men for fighting, and punish children for doing the same thing.

THE VALUE OF AN OPINION.—Political economists distinguish between the intrinsic and acquired worth of a commodity. Gold possesses the former and iron the latter. A pound of iron converted into steel and manufactured into watch-springs is worth several hundred times the cost of the raw iron, because of the labor bestowed upon it. In like manner the reputation of a distinguished jurist or a skillful physician enhances the value of his opinion:

"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to an old picture-dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas, your honor." "Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?" "No, sir; it is true I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if you think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the money. It was a handsome compliment well rewarded.

Domestic Economy.

THE EDUCATION OF A CHILD.—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green daisy meadow—with birds' nests admired but not touched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself.

WELL-GOVERNED CHILDREN.—It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counselors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please—if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds.

If children see that their parents act from principle, that they do not find fault without reason, that they do not punish because personal offense is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes; if no allowance is made for youthful spirits; if they are dealt with in a hard and unsympathizing manner, the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit will be broken.

COURAGE BEFITTING TO WOMEN.—There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women, as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons, courage may seem as unnecessary for women as Latin and Greek; yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves and more acceptable to those with whom they live than courage. There are many women of the present day—sensible women in other things—whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness

must go with courage, and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickliness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being feminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defense, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in a great many things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of Anne Boleyn, Mary Queen of Scots, or Marie Antoinette. *There is no beauty in fear.* It is a mean, ugly, disheveled creature. No statue can be made of it that a woman would wish to see herself like.

GRASS UNDER SHADE TREES.—By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather under the trees, a most beautiful verdure will be obtained. I first used it under beech-trees in my grounds, and the grass always looked green. Having succeeded so well on a small scale, I proceeded to sow it in the long grass in the plantations which cattle could never eat heretofore, but is now preferred by them to the other parts of the field.

RESTORING DAMAGED VELVET.—The Monitor de la Salud publishes the following method of restoring velvet to its original condition. It is well known that when velvet has been wet not only its appearance is spoiled but it becomes hard and knotty. To restore its original softness it must be thoroughly damped on the wrong side, and then held over a very hot iron, care being taken not to let it touch the latter. In a short time the velvet becomes, as it were, new again. The theory of this is very simple. The heat of the iron evaporates the water through the tissue, and forces the vapor out at the upper side; this vapor, passing between the different fibers, separates those which adhere together in hard bunches. If the velvet were ironed after damping, an exactly opposite result would be obtained; it is, therefore, necessary that the substance should not come in contact with the heated iron.

POISON ANTIDOTES.—For oil of vitriol or aquafortis give large doses of magnesia and water, or equal parts of soft soap and water. For oxalic acid give magnesia or chalk and water. For saltpeter give an emetic of mustard and water, afterward mucilages and small doses of laudanum. For opium or laudanum give an emetic of mustard, and use constant motion, and, if possible, the stomach pump. For arsenic doses of magnesia are useful, but freshly-prepared hydrated oxyd of iron is best. For insects taken into the stomach drink a small quantity of vinegar and salt. For corrosive sublimate give the whites of eggs mixed with water till free vomiting takes place.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

WEST AFRICAN MISSIONS.—The following statement will give an idea of the present missionary forces and successes on the west coast of Africa:

Wesleyan Methodist—English—missionaries, 20; local preachers, 75; school teachers, 160; members, 18,000; school children, 5,000. Church mission—English—missionaries and native assistants, many of whom are ordained, 120; teachers, 200; communicants, 3,000; scholars, 6,000. Methodist Episcopal mission—American—missionaries, 23; teachers, 22; members, 1,400; scholars, 850. Baptist mission—American—missionaries, 23; teachers, 20; members, 700; scholars, 500. Presbyterian mission—American—missionaries, 25; communicants, 150; scholars, 200. Episcopal mission—American—missionaries, 13; teachers, 27; communicants, 250; scholars, 550. English Baptist mission: missionaries, 6; teachers, 15; members, 130; scholars, 300. Basle Society—Lutheran—missionaries, 3; members, 40; scholars, 400. American Association mission—Mendi mission—missionaries, 17; members, 100; scholars, 150. Scotch Presbyterian—United Secession—mission: missionaries, 15. Total number of communicants, 23,770. Total number of scholars, many of whom are learning trades, 13,950.

When we add to the above the 15,000 converts and 15,000 school children under care of Wesleyan, Independent, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, French Protestant, German Protestant, and Moravian missionaries in South Africa, what grounds has the Church for encouragement!

MORALS OF LONDON.—One of the city missionaries in the Spitalfields district of the great metropolis thus speaks: In my district drunkenness prevails to an alarming extent. The number of public houses is almost incredible, and at no time in the day can we pass through the streets without meeting persons of both sexes in a state of palpable intoxication. Sabbath-breaking is appalling. About seventy per cent. of the shops are open on Sunday. The public thoroughfares are thronged with people buying and selling all kinds of wares. You would imagine yourself in a country fair. Not more than ten per cent. of those whom I have visited attended any place of worship. Oaths and curses mingle with most of the sounds heard in these streets. The immorality of the neighborhood must be seen to be credited. Some rooms have in them as many as fifty persons of both sexes, old and young, who are living entirely regardless of all laws, human and divine. Whole streets are occupied by thieves and fallen women. This description is a specimen of many other parts of this great city. Nothing can reach these evils but the Gospel, which is adapted to the wants and woes of every man, whether found in a mansion or in a cellar. But how is the Gospel to be made to influence them? Churches and chapels may be erected at their very doors; but this does not meet the case, as

you can not calculate on the attendance of the people. The only plan is that of persevering visitation. They must be followed into their dens. The word of life must be taken to them there. Horrible as this picture is, it is exceeded in some of the larger cities on the continent.

THE NEW PLANET.—The new planet, accepted as an accomplished fact, is now fairly enrolled among the stellar divinities by the name of Vulcan, and will some day have its column in catalogues of observations, and appear in the Nautical Almanac. That Vulcan has been seen from time to time by sundry observers within the past hundred years is now confirmed by further testimony; but the merit of the discovery remains with M. Lescaarbault, who, with rare modesty, has declined to attend the banquet which the savans of Paris desired to hold in his honor. The present spring is said to afford favorable opportunity for renewed observation of the planet, and with so many eager eyes as are on the watch, it will hardly be permitted to escape.

DELEGATES TO GENERAL CONFERENCE.—We published in the December number the delegates elected at the fall conferences. The following list comprises all elected at the spring conferences:

Baltimore conference.—A. Griffith, T. Sewall, J. S. Martin, N. J. B. Morgan, N. Wilson, E. R. Veitch. *Reserves*—J. Lanahan, S. Register.

East Baltimore conference.—C. B. Tippet, H. Slicer, T. Mitchell, T. B. Sargent, G. Guyer, G. Hildt, J. H. Brown. *Reserves*—J. Sanks, J. Miller.

Arkansas conference.—J. Brooks, A. Bewley. *Reserve*—J. R. West.

Kentucky conference.—W. H. Black, H. M. Currey. *Reserve*—S. F. Conrey.

Western Virginia conference.—G. Battelle, J. Drummond, W. Hunter. *Reserves*—G. Martin, J. L. Irwin.

New Jersey conference.—S. Y. Munroe, G. F. Brown, A. K. Street, G. Hughes. *Reserves*—C. H. Whitecar, J. B. Dobbins.

Philadelphia conference.—J. P. Durbin, F. Hodgson, P. Coombe, T. C. Murphy, T. J. Thompson, H. Colclaser, J. Castle, W. Cooper. *Reserves*—W. M'Combs, J. F. Chaplain.

Pittsburg conference.—C. A. Holmes, H. J. Clark, W. Cox, L. Petty, D. P. Mitchell, J. J. Jackson, J. Coil. *Reserves*—I. N. Baird, D. L. Dempsey.

Kansas and Nebraska conference.—W. H. Goode, L. B. Dennis. *Reserves*—W. R. Davis, W. M. Smith.

Missouri conference.—J. W. Hopkins, N. Shumate. *Reserves*—R. J. Wilson, T. Williams.

Providence conference.—D. Wise, P. Townsend, S. Dean, S. C. Brown, G. M. Carpenter. *Reserves*—C. K. True, F. Upham.

New England conference.—E. O. Haven, J. H. Twombly, M. Raymond, J. Porter, W. H. Hatch, D. E. Chapin. *Reserves*—D. Sherman, L. R. Thayer.

New Hampshire conference.—J. Pike, L. D. Barrows.

S. Howard, W. F. Evans. *Reserves*—O. H. Jasper, J. Hall.

North Indiana conference.—C. Nutt, J. B. Birt, J. Colclazer, L. W. Munson. *Reserves*—A. Eddy, W. S. Bradshaw.

Maine conference.—C. C. Cone, H. B. Abbott, H. M. Blake, H. P. Torsey. *Reserves*—D. B. Randall, C. F. Allen.

Newark conference.—B. Day, J. S. Porter, M. E. Ellison, J. T. Crane, J. M. Tuttle. *Reserves*—M. Vansant, C. S. Van Cleve.

New York East conference.—W. H. Norris, D. Curry, E. E. Griswold, J. Floy, R. M. Hatfield, S. Landon, A. Nash. *Reserves*—J. Inskip, H. Husted.

New York conference.—D. W. Clark, B. Griffen, M. D'C. Crawford, A. M. Osbon, J. M'Clintock, W. H. Ferris, J. Holdich, J. B. Beach, P. R. Brown. *Reserves*—L. M. Vincent, L. H. King.

Troy conference.—A. Witherspoon, W. Griffin, D. P. Hulburd, H. L. Starks, E. Goss, H. Dunn, J. Newman, P. P. Harrower. *Reserves*—D. Starks, Z. Phillips.

Vermont conference.—A. Webster, P. Merrill, A. T. Bullard. *Reserves*—Wm. J. Kidder, Wm. D. Malcom.

Black River conference.—J. Erwin, I. S. Bingham, J. W. Armstrong, E. C. Bruce, F. H. Stanton, G. Baker, P. D. Gorrie. *Reserves*—C. L. Dunning, Ward J. Hunt.

East Maine conference.—Charles B. Dunn, Benjamin F. Sprague, Edwin A. Helmerhausen. *Reserve*—A. Prince.

Oneida conference.—D. W. Bristol, W. H. Olin, Wm. Reddy, Wm. Bixby, D. W. Thurston, D. A. Whedon. *Reserves*—Charles Blakeslee, E. G. Andrews.

Wyoming conference.—R. Nelson, George Peck, J. J. Pearce, W. H. Pearne. *Reserves*—H. R. Clark, B. W. Gorham.

Literary Notices.

(1.) A VOYAGE DOWN THE AMOOR, with a Land Journey through Siberia, and Incidental Notices of Manchouria, Kamachutka, and Japan. By Perry M'Donough Collins, United States Commercial Agent at the Amoor river. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 390 pp.—Within a very few years countries known to us only by general report or by the clumsy narratives of those who have passed along their coasts, have been opened to the exploration of diligent travelers, and our stock of real information respecting Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea has been more than doubled. The recent labors of Livingstone and Burton in Africa, of the Abbe Hue in Tartary, Thibet, and China, and of Perry in Japan have prompted to further research and inspection, and now we have a new book on Siberia. The author was appointed in 1856 Commercial Agent of the United States at the mouth of the Amoor river, and in pursuance of the object of his mission, he passed through Siberia and made this voyage down the Amoor. He collected considerable information concerning the resources and commercial advantages of Siberia and Tartary, and embodied them in the present volume. As he was not a professed traveler, his accounts are not so minute and full as we could wish; but they possess an interest and value to our foreign trade. This continent is destined to carry on an immense trade with the east from our Pacific ports, and Siberia will furnish some of the most important articles of importation. When, as Mr. Collins estimates, railroads shall be built from the sea-coast to the interior, and the vast steppes of Asiatic Russia are connected by rail and water with the ocean, no country is likely to develop more rapidly or afford so grand a field for the influence of our American civilization. We should like to call the attention of our Mission Boards to the Siberian coast as a center for missionary operations.

(2.) PIONEERS, PREACHERS AND PEOPLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. By William Henry Milburn.

New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 465 pp.—This volume contains ten lectures on the chief points of interest in the pioneer history of the Mississippi valley. The period embraced extends from the discovery of De Soto and the travels of Marquette and La Salle to the present; and, in addition to the historical review, we have lectures on the old preachers and their preaching and the characteristics of western mind. The style is glowing and enthusiastic, and of that popular form which, in the mouth of a fine speaker, would fasten and retain the attention and interest of an audience to the close.

(3.) THE BIBLICAL REASON WHY: a Family Guide to Scripture Reading and a Hand-Book for Biblical Students. Illustrated with numerous engravings. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 324 pp.—This little book of questions and answers on Biblical subjects comes out heralded by a number of distinguished divines, whose opinions are printed with it. It contains much useful information in a brief compass, and may prove serviceable to Bible classes and students of Scripture. A number of the questions are futile, and the answers bare conjecture; while to the position which the author takes in some cases we must object on doctrinal and critical grounds. Had the numerous authorities which are quoted been more carefully consulted, a much better book could have been made.

(4.) OUR BIBLE CLASS AND THE GOOD THAT CAME OF IT. By Caroline E. Fairfield. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 352 pp.—We have here another of the class of stories which has of late become so popular and has been productive of so much good. A moral lesson is taught under the guise of fiction. A Bible class is formed, and the influence of studying the Scriptures is traced in the history of the members of the class. As sketches from life must always be pictures of what actually exists, so human passions must find a

place in the development of the story. Love and marriage find a place here, too, and religious faith is rewarded with a happy life.

(5.) *SKETCH BOOK; or, Miscellaneous Anecdotes, Illustrating a Variety of Topics Proper to the Pulpit and Platform.* By Rev. William C. Smith, of the New York conference. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Poe. 16mo. 352 pp.—The author has here grouped together a variety of interesting stories, anecdotes, and sketches, designed for illustrations in the pulpit, entertainment by the fireside, encouragement for the desponding, and consolation for the afflicted. How successful he has been in accomplishing the object will be seen by opening the book itself. It is not burdensome for size like Arvine's collection, nor is it so meager as to disappoint. The pieces were heretofore printed only in a fugitive form.

(6.) *FRIARSWOOD POST-OFFICE.* By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 16mo. 251 pp.—A story of affliction. The scenes are natural, the characters such as one may meet in his every-day intercourse with society, and the lesson taught—patience, kindness, submission—is a valuable one for all to learn. The whole tendency of the book is salutary and cheering.

(7.) *MOUNT VERNON AND OTHER POEMS.* By Harvey Rice. Columbus: Follet, Foster & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Several of these poems have a considerable degree of merit as contributions to our poetic literature. They do not belong to the first class of verse, but there is a national spirit about them which would indicate the land of their birth. We notice in looking through the volume a few blemishes, but there are excellences which are sufficient to atone for an occasional slip or blunder.

(8.) *COUSIN MAUDE AND ROSAMOND.* By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 374 pp.—These are pleasant stories well told, and illustrating an excellent moral. The reputation of the writer is such that we need give scarcely more than the title of this her latest volume.

(9.) *OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES, and the Money we made by it.* From the Twelfth London Edition. With an Introduction by Peter B. Mead, Editor of the Horticulturist. New York, 1860: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 126 pp.—The greatest fault of American agriculture is the slight and superficial method of working the soil. We skim over too much ground, and exhaust its fertility by injudicious tillage. The little volume before us shows what results may be obtained from a small farm well attended to. Two industrious ladies in England, of limited income, procure such a farm, and by close observation and perseverance not only promote their health and comfort, but materially increase their income, making every thing turn to advantage. Much valuable information concerning the care of a small dairy, butter-making, raising pigs and poultry, etc., is communicated.

(10.) *THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION.* By Rev. A. S. Thelwall, A. M., of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York:

D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 24mo. 320 pp.—These thoughts were first published over twenty-five years ago, and again issued with the addition of a consolatory address to bereaved parents and a few pieces of sacred poetry. The fact that a new edition is called for, after the lapse of so long a time, is good evidence of the genuine merits of the book.

(11.) *BERTHA PERCY; or, L'Esperance.* By Margaret Field. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 567 pp.—The style of this volume is simple and home-like, and the story breathes a religious spirit. It is written in the form of a diary, in which the experiences of daily life are recorded. Some of the chapters are very interesting.

(12.) *OLD LEAVES: GATHERED FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS.* By W. Henry Wills. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 467 pp.—A neat and judicious selection of papers originally published in the "Household Words." They are mostly descriptive pieces with an occasional story, and all of them well written. The pictures of European life and manners which these papers contain can not fail to prove acceptable to their readers.

(13.) *THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.* By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede." New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 464 pp.—The writer's name, as here given, is an assumed one; for the book was really written by Miss Evans. It seems to be a well-told tale, and deserves a wide circulation for the good lessons which it teaches. The happy descriptions of domestic and social life, the deep insight into human character, and the sifting of man's varying passions are characteristic of Miss Evans's style, and those who have read "Adam Bede" will not be disappointed in this volume. It may not be esteemed equal in an artistic point of view, nor as containing so dramatic a form of the plot, but the simple scenes will commend themselves to a chastened and cultivated taste.

(14.) *DICK DUNCAN: the Story of a Boy who Loved Mischief.* By Francis Forrester, Esq. New York: Hoes & Ferry. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Poe. 16mo. 256 pp.—Here is another of the delightful Glen Morris stories, which we know will interest little folks. The readers of the Sunday School Advocate know something of Francis Forrester, and how well he can tell a good story.

(15.) *FACTS ABOUT GIRLS: being a Selection of Interesting and Instructive Anecdotes of Girls.* By Rev. Richard Donkersley. 18mo. 220 pp.

(16.) *JOHN WHEELER'S TWO UNCLER; or, Launching into Life.* 18mo. 134 pp.

(17.) *THOUGHTLESS ROSA, and other interesting stories.* 18mo. 142 pp.—These books are just issued by our Sunday School Union, and, like the other volumes of the series, are beautifully illustrated. They will prove attractive to our Sunday school readers, and should be put into their hands. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York, and Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati.

New York Literary Correspondence.

Powers and Duties of Civil Government—The Idea of Government—Relation of Citizens to the State—Personal Liberty—Restraint of Offenses—Law, an Educator—Its Purposes.

THERE are few questions of a greater practical interest than those which relate to the character and conduct of the government under which a people may live. Perhaps, in some instances, the influence of the government has been overestimated; but at present it seems to be the fashion to depreciate it, and to present the government as the mere reflex of the public character rather than its originator. But without denying that civil institutions are greatly affected by the character of the people, it may also be contended that the government has much to do in fashioning the character of those who live under its influences. That the state holds and should exercise a paternal relation to the people can not be denied; though it is equally certain that this paternal care has very often shown itself chiefly in the form of an irresponsible tyranny. So, on the other hand, though the principles of republicanism are capable of an easy demonstration from certain conceded elementary propositions, yet all must confess that in its practical workings this form of government has failed to demonstrate its own absolute perfection. As a practical question scarcely any other is so beset with difficulties, and no problem of life seems harder to solve than that of the proper mission of civil government.

As to the form of the civil compact it is not necessary that much should be said. Liberty has sometimes been enjoyed to a very large and salutary extent under the most despotic forms of government; it has also been invaded and crushed out among the most liberal institutions. It is not pretended, however, that the theory of a government is wholly a matter of indifference, but only that so much more depends on the administration, that its form is no sure indication of the character of the actual government. It has never yet been properly determined what are the legitimate functions of the state, and so there is a constant liability to either defect or excess in its actions and claims—and as men usually covet authority, it has commonly happened that the world has been governed too much. Still the errors have not all been on one side. There are obligations incumbent upon the state which it too often fails to meet, on account of the political inconsiderableness of the oppressed and the power and position of the oppressor, and in all such cases the abuse is in a defect of governmental action. The state, too, is charged with the care of its own rights and prerogatives, and the magistrate for the time being, of whatever style or title, is solemnly bound to protect these. When Charles I. of England, pleaded that his conscience held him to protect the prerogatives of his crown—temporarily in his custody—his plea was well founded, however widely he may have erred in

its application. Concessions made by monarchs to their subjects, though often good in themselves, are quite as often mere cowardly abandonments of their public obligations.

In our own country there is probably a disposition to carry to excess the notions of personal liberty and individual arbitrariness. There still lingers with the people the notion that law and liberty are mutually antagonistic. The sufferer of the law's penalties is regarded as a victim, and he who proudly defies the power of the state is pretty sure to have the public sympathy. This feeling not only finds expression through the irresponsible license of speech and press; it is embodied in the statutes and acts as a disturbing cause in the administration of penal justice. The institution of the jury—itsself the result of the popular distrust of the government, and, therefore, properly adapted to only non-popular governments—is often made the means of defeating that justice which it ostensibly seeks only to temper and regulate. Instead of acting as a popular check upon the regal authority, of which the court was originally the representative, it is now a hindering influence, interposed between the accused party and the authority of the people, as represented by the court. Very possibly such a check may still be needed; but the manner in which it is often used clearly demonstrates the existence in the popular mind of a sentiment antagonistic to the law.

The governing purpose in the direction of the affairs of each state may be pretty fully determined by the laws found in its statute books. If the government is controlled chiefly for the interests of the rulers and privileged classes, then treason is the highest form of offense, and all its species are defined and its class is made to comprehend all related action, and against these are directed the law's fiercest and most unrelenting energies. If the interests of pecuniary wealth are foremost in the government, then any and all violations of the rights of proprietorship are specially guarded against, and crimes against property are visited with the law's surest and most terrible vengeance. But if it should happen in any case—and has not this happened?—that through the abounding of the element of lawlessness, a government should be found devoted chiefly to the interests of individual irresponsibility and license, then would the laws be so framed as to obstruct the administration of justice, and to protect the guilty and defaulting from the appropriate consequences of their acts and relations. The facilities afforded by the legislation of some of our newer states for the evasion of legal obligation, sometimes in criminal cases, but more frequently in civil ones, sufficiently indicate the drift of the popular mind. Reverence for the law, and a zealous regard for reciprocal justice, once the boast of our people, and still a conservative element of the national character, there is cause to fear, are less cherished than formerly; and in proportion as

these decline is the nation spoiled of its strength and glory.

Questions respecting the rights of the individual conscience and the method of dealing with subjects of that character have been thought especially delicate and difficult. That there are rights of conscience which the state ought to recognize and the magistrate to defend must be granted. These, however, are chiefly of a negative character; for while the right to *not do* is as sacred as the right to *do*, it is also much less liable to become practically offensive, and, therefore, has less need to be regulated by law. The right to do wrong in any conceivable case is an absurdity; but there may be doubts as to the authority of the government to interfere in favor of moral and religious right as such. Any practice which is evidently inimical to the commonwealth should be suppressed by the government, and any one evidently advantageous may be patronized and promoted—this, however, is a question of expediency, since it may happen that useful actions and institutions flourish better without the direct interference of the state, than with its aid. On this last question depend the practical issues respecting the interference of the state in behalf of religion, education, and alms-giving; and though the public mind is generally against the first of these and in favor of the others, yet all rest upon the same foundation, and each must be determined as a question of utility rather than of any great fundamental law. The abstract right of the state to patronize and so control the Church, is as easily maintained as is its right to support a system of public education, or to make provisions for the poor; and in each case the subject is to be considered as a question of expediency. Religious freedom is the right of every one, just as all other forms of freedom are; and it is subject to the same conditions and restrictions. Any man may worship whatever divinity suits him, and he may render whatever kind of devotion he pleases. He may also eat what he pleases, and have his own times and mode of eating. But in neither the one nor the other case may he invade the rights of the state, nor interfere with the rights of individuals, of which the state is the guardian and protector. If a colony of Hindoos should set up a temple to Brama or Vishnu, in an American city, the public sentiment would say, let them alone; not from any love of the idolatry among us, nor yet from a sense of the especial sacredness of religious liberty, but because it is believed that errors in religion are more effectually combated without the state's interference than with its aid. But should they proceed to trundle their Juggernauts over the bodies of prostrate devotees in our streets, or to drown their children in some American Ganges, it would then be high time that their religious liberties should be abridged; for the state is the guardian of the lives and persons of all its subjects, as well against fanaticism as against malice. And as of specific religious acts, so also if a religious system is found to be incompatible with the public safety and the good order of society, it may be suppressed as a conspiracy against the public safety.

By the same process of reasoning the question of the Sabbath, as a political institution, is brought

within the range of laws which lead to its ready determination. With the divine law of the Sabbath the state has nothing to do directly, for the state is not a theocracy. It has, therefore, in this case only to inquire whether a certain degree of restraint upon individual volitions, as to the mode of using that day, is requisite to the common welfare; and if so, its duty of self-protection, as well as its obligation to care for the common interest of the people, demands the interposition of its authority. In its practical form the question thus becomes one of facts rather than of abstract principles, and with the facts which must determine the question we do not propose to meddle. It is a significant circumstance, however, that the advocates of license, in this matter, are not apt to treat the subject as one of expediency, nor to appeal to facts in justification of their demands. The same considerations apply to the law of marriage and divorce—a subject which has both a religious and a political aspect, but one which should be directly recognized by the state only in relation to the latter. Whenever the legislature becomes convinced that polygamy is incompatible with the public welfare, its suppression by the strong arm of the law is rendered a public duty; and by the same rule must the law of divorce be determined. If, as is often affirmed, facility of escape from the bonds of marriage is demoralizing, then, though at the expense of individual inconvenience and suffering, let the way of escape be hedged about with difficulties, or entirely closed, except in well-defined and extreme cases. All these and similar cases are to be determined as questions of facts and expediency; and yet regard to the divine law of religion and morality in deciding them is not wholly inadmissible. If the lawgiver believes that in any given case the divine law is that by which the public welfare is best secured, then may the law of the Bible be transferred to the statute-book—not, however, on account of its divine authority, but because it is judged to be expedient and promotive of the designs of good government.

The much mooted question respecting the regulation or prohibition by law of certain practices deemed detrimental to the commonwealth, seems not to have reached any satisfactory solution, and probably the public mind was never less satisfied respecting it than at present. Reasoning from merely-abstract principles of political ethics, it is not very difficult to make out a pretty strong case on either side. If the practices in question are wrong, says the ethical *purist*, the state should have nothing to do with them, except to prohibit them, and to punish those guilty of them as wrong-doers. The assumption is plausible; it is also much more readily disposed of by a sneer than by sober and manly arguments. But after all, is it not fallacious? Opposed to these prohibitionists, who would send forth the magistrate under the authority of a code of "blue laws," to hunt down all forms of immorality as offenses against the state, stand the advocates of *license*—not of *toleration* regulated by law, but the absence of all legal restraints in such matters. And these, too, have their politico-ethical philosophy, by which to sustain and defend their theories. It is every man's right, say they, to do as he pleases, so long as the rights of others are

not interfered with. If a man regard all days alike, they continue, it is an insufferable tyranny to attempt to restrain his liberties on one day of the seven. I hold marriage to be a voluntary contract, says another, to be continued or dissolved by mutual consent, or at least to cease with the failure of its conditions. The liquor traffic, the slave-trade, the lottery system, and public indecency, each and all are claimed by their special advocates as wholly above and beyond the legitimate range of governmental authority; and if we concede to them the premises with which they set out—and these are often laid down as fundamental maxims of political ethics by the masters of that science—it will be difficult to avoid their conclusions. And yet who that is not in some way interested in these evil practices, does not feel and confess that it is the duty of the civil power to restrain their pernicious growth and influences?

Among the important functions of the laws of any commonwealth its action as an educator is not the least considerable. The very being of law supposes the distinctions of right and wrong in human conduct. These distinctions are likewise made clear and emphatic by its authority and the penalties with which it visits crimes. To a very large portion of society it is the measure and standard of commercial and social morality. The public conscience is very generally founded upon and fashioned by what is found in the statutes and made effective by the hand of government. And since civil law does not make the right and wrong which it attempts to define, while it is also the dictator of the public morality, all must confess the necessity that it should teach both correctly and comprehensively, in order that the ignorant may be instructed, the erring restored, and the vicious reprovved and corrected.

In many cases too much is expected of the civil government, especially in respect to the manners and morals of society, for though it is a public teacher, it is not the only, nor indeed the principal one. For its own moral power, and that without which it could not subsist and discharge its functions, the state is largely dependent on agencies beyond itself. Both the family and the Church are auxiliaries to the state, and in the business of instruction and discipline, they both possess many advantages which it can not have. The wise statesman looks to these as the sources of the strength and beauty of that for which he especially takes care; though he also sees that they require of him no other aid than immunity from external enemies. When government attempts to interfere in the affairs of the household, and to interpose its powers among the relations of the family, the result is uniformly and necessarily evil. When it attempts to prescribe the civil duties of husbands and wives, parents and children, it goes beyond its own sphere and becomes the tyrant and a disorganizer. And when it extends itsegis over the Church, it assumes to itself an uncalled-for responsibility, and undertakes duties which it never can discharge, and in the attempt at which it may do much harm. Among the reforms which may be expected to grow out of the progress of practical statesmanship, may be reckoned the early withdrawal of all governmental interference from the affairs of the

family, as already it has been withdrawn from those of the Church. After that perhaps it will surrender the interests of education into more competent hands; and at length the whole system of charities.

Whether or not the civil ruler shall promulgate his decrees against any given form of wrong-doing, is, therefore, a question of expediency, to be determined in each case by collateral considerations. It is a question of real practical interest, whether it may not be better to silently pass over some forms and degrees of offenses—tacitly tolerating them in the *species*, but explicitly condemning them in the *genus*—rather than to demonstrate the law's importance by condemning directly what it can not prohibit. The legislation of Moses seems to have proceeded by that rule. In general terms it asserted the divine law of monogamy and the indissolubility of the marriage bonds; yet "for the hardness of their hearts" it allowed polygamy and divorce. The same thing is even more clearly illustrated in the matter of avenging blood. The whole spirit of God's law is utterly opposed to private revenge, and yet Moses attempted only to modify and restrain the prevailing practices; and in the arrangements for limiting the sanguinary action of the *lex talionis* there is at least a seeming license given to it in certain conditions and circumstances. The objection that any such mode of temporizing, though allowable if carefully guarded, is very apt to be carried to excess, is doubtless well taken, and the suggestion it contains should be heeded by all upon whom the responsibilities of the state repose; but it has no pertinency to the great fundamental principle under discussion. It may be safely granted that civil rulers are not usually sufficiently jealous of the right, and that their winkings at crimes arise rather from indisposition to suppress them than from want of power; but all this does not affect the question at issue.

Government is especially bound to protect the rights of its more helpless subjects, and to care for the governed as distinguished from the governing classes. In all cases the authority which it exercises over the many is derived from the few; for in the simplest democracy only a small portion are nominal electors, and of these a still less proportion have any real directing power. Virtually our own government, as well as all others of whatever form, is an *oligarchy*. In theory the law derives its authority from the consent of the governed; but this is little more than a pleasing fiction, since the consent can never be more than a silent one. But the law, when properly administered, is the champion and advocate of helpless and injured innocence, thus calling into exercise the chivalrous element of our nature. In the performance of its office of guardianship its authority is measured by its necessities; for whatever is requisite to the protection of the feeblest portions of society is a right and a duty of the government. Things otherwise lawful cease to be so when they are judged to be dangerous to the social body. It is folly to oppose natural and personal rights to the just claims of society—and of the justice of its claims the governing classes will be the final arbiters—though often determining unjustly. If a man's business, amusements, or tastes are found to be incompatible with

public safety, or prejudicial to the common welfare—and especially if they are dangerous to the more defenseless part of society—they are not his rights, and should be restrained by the state. It is, therefore, especially the duty of “the powers that be” to guard against whatever may tend to the corruption of the young or the violation of the sacred purity of the female character. These are the helpless and defenseless classes of society—they are also those in which the highest interests of society are invested—and, therefore, every consideration demands the most earnest diligence in their behalf. The methods of doing all this, and especially the extent to which it may be expedient for the government to interfere in such matters, are questions as to which wise and good men may differ; the right to act in the premises is conceded, whenever it is sought to determine the case as a question of expediency.

But at best the state is a very insufficient protector of the people. Laws and civil institutions, though when they are good they are of great value, are not alone sufficient to protect and cherish the rights of the helpless against the power of intrigue and violence. Self-reliance with the strong and social protection with the feeble are the ultimate conditions of safety and well-being. Yet the state, if guided by

wisdom and tempered by moderation as well as nerved with proper energy, may contribute very largely to the public prosperity. There should be an ever-present conviction, with those who fill the high places of the people, that they are forming the characters of the subjects of their influences as well as directing their actions. The lawgivers should remember that, since the statutes of the commonwealth are, to a large extent, the model of the public morality, they should always be as elevated as the people will bear, and at all times a little in advance of that usually practiced. A skillful instructor will increase his requirements in proportion to the attainments of his pupils; so the law's demands must advance with the intelligence and moral elevation of the people. If the law's demands were leveled to the average morality of society, that would presently sink yet lower; and if raised too far above the level of the people, they would fail to be affected by them. The legal standard of practical morality should, therefore, be ever a little in advance of the popular one, while the basis of the law's ethics should embrace the great fundamental element of righteousness. By this means the law will itself be steadily advancing toward perfection, and bearing with it the hearts and characters of the people.

Editor's Table.

REV. DANIEL WEBB.—The excellent portrait and the accompanying sketch of this venerable man will give our readers a pretty fair idea of his personal appearance and character. We clip the following notice of him from the New Bedford Mercury: “This gentleman, so well known in this city and elsewhere, as one of the most remarkable preachers and worthiest of men, has been passing a few days with his son, Otis Webb. In 1831 the venerable man succeeded the Rev. Timothy Merritt in the Elm-Street Methodist Episcopal Church of this city. He labored in that church two years with great acceptance, being a man of mark in his profession, and of an attractive personal character. His style of preaching is at the same time the most earnest and distinct. He lays down his propositions clearly and supports them logically.” While there on this visit he preached once or twice, and his remarks were listened to with undivided attention. He was present at the last session of the Providence conference, to which he belongs, and took part in its deliberations. He is still effective, having had the question asked in annual conference sixty-two times, “Any thing against brother Webb?” and always with the same answer: “Nothing against brother Webb.” He is probably the oldest effective Methodist preacher in the world.

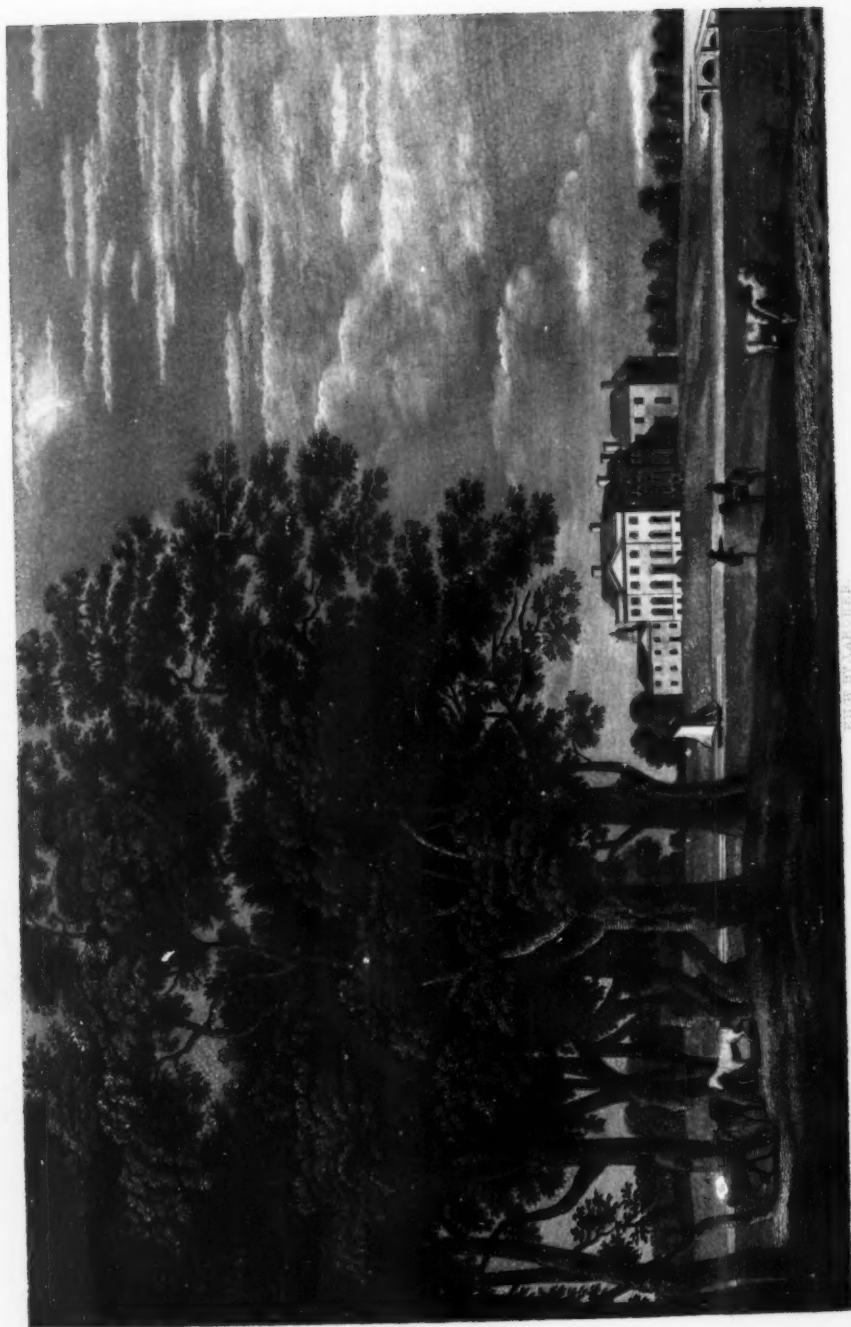
TWENTY MILES UP THE LICKING.—Western scenery has rarely been made a subject for the painter's easel or the engraver's burin; but a few specimens have found their way into the galleries of art, and have been generally admired. Indeed, there is no reason why our native scenery should not have its transla-

tors on canvas as well as picturesque landscapes along the Rhine, or wild and mountainous views among the Alps. Every-where the tutored eye may catch glimpses of the beautiful; and they who go abroad to see delightful prospects or find exhibitions of grandeur and majesty in nature, forget that our own country furnishes scenes equal to any that may be seen elsewhere. The chief difference is the lack of historical associations. We are a young commonwealth, and our history is not yet obscured by the haze of past glory and the traditionary tales of former ages. Our picture represents a quiet, rural spot on the Licking river, Kentucky, about twenty miles from Cincinnati. There is an air of peace and repose about it, which the whirl and noise of business in the city makes more dream-like and inviting. The Licking river, we may add, is a favorite resort for picnics and fishing excursions. Citizens from Cincinnati are able to reach the place described by the Kentucky Central railroad.

CONTRIBUTORS must wait patiently for the list of “Articles Declined”—it will appear in due time. We have a large amount of material on hand which is filed for publication in our pages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—A number of books have been received, of which want of space compels us to defer notice till the next number.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE is now in session at Buffalo; and as the editor is absent at the conference, the usual editorial preparations for this number are necessarily abridged.



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PRESIDENT OF YERKES COLLEGE

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